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Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos

From a Bust, in the Poſſeſsion of Lord Holland.

Published Nov. 28, 1810 by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, London.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIVES AND WRITINGS

OF

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

AND

GUILLEN DE CASTRO

BY

HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND

30833

VOL II

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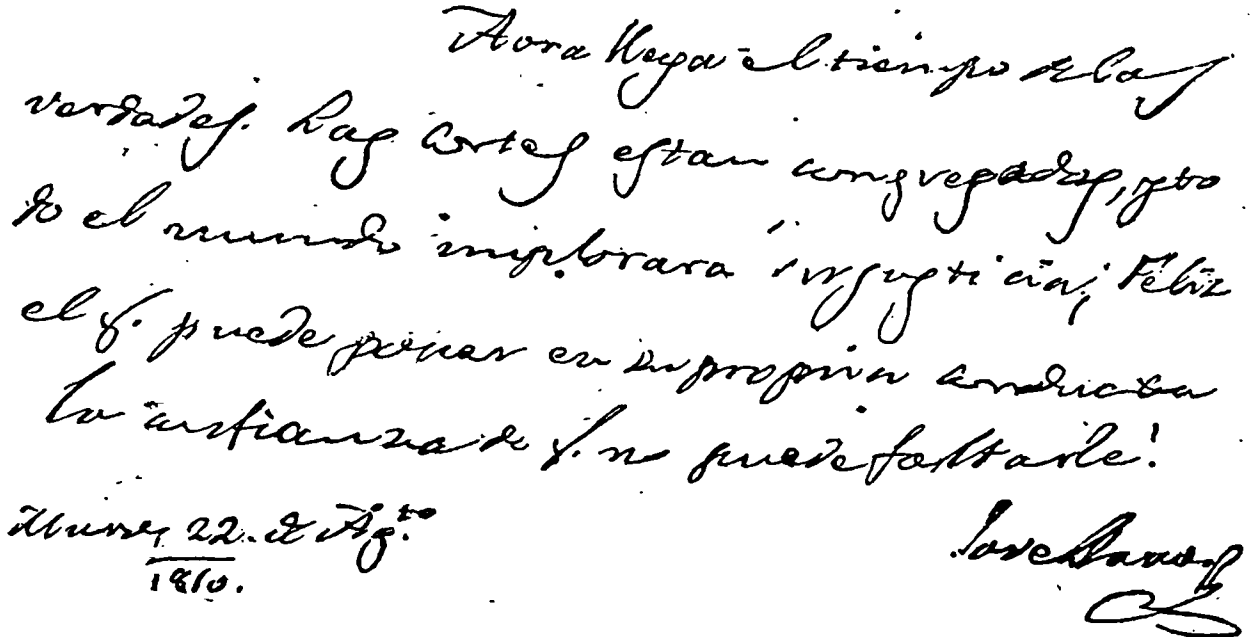

Ahora llega el tiempo de la
verdad: las Cortes están congregadas, y todo
el mundo implorará justicia: Feliz
el que puede poner en su propia conducta
la confianza de no ser defraudado!

Murcia 22. de Agto.
1810.

Jovellanos

Extract of a Letter from Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, with his Signature.

GUILLEN DE CASTRO.

GUILLEN DE CASTRO, an author, to whom the great Corneille was indebted for the general plot, and for many of the beauties of his most celebrated play, attracted little notice during his life-time, and has left few, if any, memorials of his character to satisfy the curiosity of posterity. His illustrious imitator mentions him as the original author of the Cid, and speaks of him with that veneration which a man of real genius is generally disposed to pay to another. This honourable testimony has failed, how-

Few memorials of Guillen de Castro.

ever, to stimulate the enquiries of the numerous French critics and commentators who have written upon that celebrated tragedy. Few of them seem to have consulted the original work; none to have ascertained the circumstances of the author's life, or the estimation in which either before or after his death he had been held by his countrymen. La Harpe calls him an imitator of Diamante, an author who did not live till half a century after him. Even Voltaire confines himself to some remarks upon the extracts subjoined to the first edition of the French Cid; and though he praises in general terms the original Spanish, gives no abstract of the play, and no account whatever of Guillen de Castro.

This omission may, in some measure, be accounted for by the singular rarity of his works, and the little pains taken by the Spaniards themselves to preserve any par-

ticulars of his life or character. Don Nicholas Antonio, justly celebrated for the accuracy of his researches, compiled his valuable dictionary of Spanish literature within the century in which Guillen de Castro must have flourished. He was, nevertheless, unable to ascertain the place of his residence or of his nativity; and though he calls him a Valencian, expresses a doubt whether it was birth or extraction which had entitled him to that appellation. He adds, that he flourished when the theatre had acquired its due estimation among his countrymen, and that his plays were inferior to none but those of Lope de Vega. That poet mentions him in the *Laurel de Apolo*, and seems to consider him as a native of Valencia.

Guillen de Castro a contemporary of Lope.

From the above testimonies, it is clear that Guillen de Castro was a contemporary of Lope, and some additional circum-

stances enable us to fix, with a degree of precision, the date of his plays.

Cervantes mentions him in his prologue to the Comedies, among the most successful dramatic authors of the time, and two of the dramas which Guillen de Castro has left us, are taken from stories in Don Quixote. It is obvious, therefore, that they were written after the year 1605, which was rendered memorable in the annals of literature by the appearance of that inimitable work; and it is reasonable to suppose that he had published the greater part of his plays before the year 1615, when Cervantes prefixed the prologue to his Comedies.

Flourished about 1615.

It seems scarcely credible that more cannot be known of an author, whose name is so frequently mentioned, whose work was in the space of a few years after its publication, imitated and commended by Cor-

neille, and who, in the judgment of no less a man than Voltaire, is considered as the writer of the first true tragedy that had appeared in modern Europe.

Friend of Cervantes.

May we not infer from some of the circumstances above related, that Cervantes and Guillen de Castro had a mutual esteem for one another? It would certainly be an agreeable reflection to suppose that two great men, neglected by their contemporaries, entertained a secret persuasion of the celebrity which each would obtain with posterity.

A poet who brought Don Quixote on the stage so shortly after his appearance in the world, must have had discernment enough to relish the beauties of that work, and to reverence the genius of its author. On the other hand, the immortal writer himself having bestowed direct commendation on Guillen de Castro in the prologue, paid a

yet more unequivocal compliment to his talents, by forbearing to resent the liberty taken by him with his hero, over whom, upon other occasions, he exerted so jealously the jurisdiction of a parent.

Pathetic * tenderness and sweetness of style are, according to Cervantes, the characteristic excellencies of Guillen de Castro's compositions. An attentive perusal of his plays will convince us that the critic had as just a discernment in the selection of the topics of his panegyric, as he had unquestionably a quick sense in perceiving the fit objects of ridicule and satire. It is indeed singular that, with so correct a taste in estimating the productions of other men, Cervantes should ever have written, much more should have published, the miserable comedies to which the entertain-

* Suavidad y dulzura de Don Guillen de Castro.

ing dissertation, so often alluded to, is prefixed.

As the memory of Guillen de Castro has been chiefly preserved by the knowledge that Corneille was his imitator, it is to an examination of his play on the subject of the Cid, that the following pages will be chiefly devoted.—It is entitled *Las Mocedades del Cid, primera parte*—The youthful exploits of the Cid, first part—and an account of it, however short and imperfect, together with such extracts as appear best calculated to afford a specimen of his genius and style, may enable those of my readers who are conversant with the French tragedy, to compare that work with its curious, but less celebrated, original. Play of the Cid.

If, however, none can decide upon the merits of Corneille without some knowledge of the Spanish play from which his Cid was borrowed, it is equally necessary

to examine the works which gave birth to Guillen de Castro's production, in order to form a due judgment of that author's genius for dramatic composition. Such a research will be the less irksome, as it will afford an opportunity of tracing the progress of a popular fiction to a polished play, through the successive improvements of the Castilian and French poets on a story always the same, and sentiments never totally dissimilar. Perhaps the history of no human work would furnish a more striking proof that the rudest materials are susceptible of being brought to the greatest perfection in the hands of men of real genius and discernment.

The adventures of Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, commonly surnamed El Cid Campeador, are generally known, and it is not my purpose to examine the authenticity of the various achievements ascribed to him.

He was an early favourite of his countrymen; and though the very remote date assigned to a work * published among

Old poem of Cid.

* Vide *Poesias antiguas, el Prologo;* also *Prologo del tomo 16, de las Poesiases cogidas, 1796, Madrid*— the work of Quintana.

The editor of the *Poesias antiguas* endeavours to prove, from inferences plausible, but not conclusive, that the poem alluded to was written within a century of the Cid's death. It is in that case a composition of the latter part of the twelfth century. The internal evidence afforded by the barbarous mixture of Spanish and Latin seems to favour such a supposition. There exist, however, few documents of that early period, with which to compare it; the most authentic of them is one discovered in the archives of Aviles in Asturias, by Padre Risco. It is the charter (*fuero*) of that town granted by Alonzo VII. in 1155; and in it are to be found many Latin words and Latin terminations.— (Vide *Mems. de la Real Academia de la Historia, Madrid, vol.* 4. *p.* 33).

The treaty between the Kings of Leon and Castile, of the year 1206, published in the España Sagrada, vol. 36. Appendix cxxxii. was considered by Noguera, the editor of Mariana, as the oldest authentic document in Spanish prose, and is unquestionably less barbarous

the specimens of the old Castilian poetry may be reasonably questioned, it is undeniably the most antient poem in that language. Throughout that work, the dauntless intrepidity and high sense of honour which history, as well as fiction, uniformly ascribes to the Cid, are studiously preserved; but the story of his marriage is never mentioned, though his wife, Ximena, is named more than once in the course of the poem *.

than the Aviles charter. From that period the two languages, Latin and Spanish, or as it was then called, Romance, seem to have been kept more distinct. The Romance, in the reign of St. Ferdinand, made sensible and rapid approaches to modern Castilian; and where his charters were written in the learned language, the Latin was more exempt from barbarism than it had been in the time of his predecessors. The celebrated Partidas of his son, Alphonso the Wise, were written in 1270, and the Spanish in that work is not more obsolete than the English of Queen Elizabeth's time.

* Parts of this poem have been translated by my friend, Mr. Frere. Originality of genius, familiarity with the poets of the middle ages, and great felicity of

It is, however, a fragment; and it is possible that this singular incident was not entirely omitted by the author. Indeed the painful struggle to which, according to tradition, the contending claims of duty and love exposed both the Cid and his mistress, are circumstances so calculated to strike the imagination, that they might be expected to attract the notice of the national poets. Yet many popular ballads, called in Castilian, *Romances*, relate the various parts of his story and marriage, but do not allude to his previous love for Ximena, of which Guillen de Castro, and Corneille more particularly, have taken so much advantage.

Romances on the Cid.

The ballads I allude to are not all of equal antiquity, and it would require great

expression in his own language, which make him capable of much higher things, eminently qualify him for such an undertaking. The translation is admirably executed, and is printed in the Appendix to Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.

knowledge of the language, and more research than the discovery would repay, to ascertain with precision the date of each of these little compositions. Those in full rhyme, or Consonantes *, are generally supposed to be earlier than such as are composed in the rhymes called Asonantes, for that invention, peculiar to Spanish poetry, was not introduced till the end of the sixteenth century. About that period several collections, under the title of Romanceros, were published, and among them the Romancero del Cid. The exact period at which the collection was made is an object of little interest, but it may be material to remark, that it was before Guillen de Castro had written his tragedy, and that the † copies of the licences affixed,

* Vide Appendix to Lope de Vega.

† They are transcribed in that of Seville of 1632, from whence the specimens published in the text are extracted.

attest its appearance in Madrid as early as 1593. From them Guillen de Castro probably took the idea of his tragedy. He has unquestionably introduced the same incidents in his plot, and occasionally interwoven whole lines, and even passages of them, into his dialogue.

Origin of Guillen de Castro's tragedy.

If it be instructive or amusing to estimate the merit of that performance by a comparison of the materials and the work, the perusal of the following ballads will not be unacceptable to the critic. I have subjoined a very hasty translation of them for the English reader, who will pardon my vanity in reminding him, that while I have endeavoured to preserve the sparks of spirit which occasionally enliven these popular songs, the whole object of my translation would have been defeated had I softened any vulgarity, or disguised any absurdity, of the rude originals.

Romance Primero.

Asonantes.

Cuidando Diego Lainez
En la mengua de su casa
Fidalga, rica y antigua
Antes que Iñigo y Abarca;
Y viendo que le fallecen
Fuerzas para la vengança
Porque por sus luengos dias
Por si no puede tomalla;

Ballad first.

Thoughtful old Lainez sat
Brooding o'er the late disgrace
That had fallen on his great,
Noble, rich, and antient race;
Other aid he saw was wanting
To redress his heavy wrong,
Limbs that now with age were fainting,
Nought availed him, once so strong.

No puede dormir de noche
Nin gustar de las viandas,
Ni alzar del suelo los ojos
Ni osar salir de su casa;
Ni fablar con los amigos
Antes les niega la fabla,
Temiendo que les ofenda
El aliento de su infamia.
Estando pues combatiendo
Con estas honrosas bascas
Quiso hacer esta experiencia
Que no le salió contraria.

Side to side by night he shifted,
Rest or food he never tasted,
Ne'er from ground his eyes he lifted,
But at home his hours he wasted;
Converse shunned with all his friends,
Nought to questions would reply,
E'en his breath he thinks offends,
Charged with shame and infamy.
Heaving on his noble breast
Lies the loathsome load of shame,
Till his angry thoughts suggest
What redeems his injured name.

Mandó llamár sus tres hijos
Y sin decilles palabra
Les fué apretando uno a uno
Las fidalgas tiernas palmas:
No para mirar en ellas
Las quirománticas rayas
Que este fechicero abuso
No era nacido en España.
Mas prestando el honor fuerzas
A pesar del tiempo y canas,
A la fria sangre y venas
Nervios y arterias heladas,

All his sons he called in haste,
Words of greeting used he none,
But their fingers griping fast,
Pinched severely one by one.
Not by chiromantic aid,
Seeking truth with knowledge vain,
Impious science! witchlike trade!
Then unknown in happier Spain.
Honour lent his sinews might,
Withered as they were with age,
Veins once cold, in Nature's spite,
Beat with fury, boil with rage.

Les apretó de manera
Que, dixéron, Señor, basta:
¿Qué intentas ó qué pretendes?
Suéltanos ya, que nos matas:
Mas quando llegó á Rodrigo
Casi muerta la esperanza
O el fruto que pretendia
Que á do no piensan se hallá;
Encarnizados los ojos
Qual furiosa tigre hircana
Con mucha furia y denuedo
Le dice aquestas palabras:

Hard their tender hands he pressed,
Two exclaim—"Oh, Sir, let go!"
"Tell us, tell us, your request,
"Why, alas! you pinch us so."
Hopes of all his soul affected,
In the old man's bosom dying,
Soon revived when least expected,
As he Rod'rick's strength was trying.
He with anger fiercely glaring,
Like th' Hyrcanian tyger's eyes,
Such salute was not for bearing,
But with pain impatient cries:—

Soltedes, padre, en mal hora
Soltedes en hora mala,
Que á no ser padre no hiciera
Satisfaccion de palabras;
Antes con la mano mesma,
Vos sacára las entrañas
Faciendo lugar el dedo
En vez de puñal o daga.
Llorando de gozo el viejo
Dixo: fijo de mi alma,
Tu enojo me desenoja,
Y tu indignacion me agrada.

" Loose, Sir, quickly loose thy hold,
" Loose thy hold, perdition take thee!
" Wer't not father, who'rt so bold,
" 'Tis not words but blows should make thee.
" Yes, the very hand thou seizest
" Should in thy entrails seek thy life,
" And the finger that thou squeezest
" Serve for dagger or for knife."
Diego then, mid fond caressing,
Weeping o'er his favourite boy,
Cries, " This curse indeed's a blessing,
" Such a rage indeed is joy.

Esos brios mi Rodrigo
Muéstralos en la demanda
De mi honor, que está perdido,
Si en tí no se cobra y gana.
Contóle su agravio, y dióle
Su bendicion y la espada
Con que dió al conde la muerte
Y principio á sus fazañas.

" Go, my Roderick, mine all over,
" Go, my loved, my gallant son;
" Honour lost thou shalt recover;
" But for thee our house was gone:"
Then he told his heavy wrong,
Sword and blessing to him gave,
Mighty sword which made, 'ere long,
Him a name, the count a grave.

ROMANCE SEGUNDO.

Asonantes.

Pensativo estaba el Cid
Viéndose de pocos años
Para vengar á su padre
Matando al Conde Lozano.
Miraba el bando temido
Del poderoso contrario,
Que tenia en las montañas
Mil amigos Asturianos.

BALLAD SECOND.

Pensive was the Cid, reflecting
That as yet he was but young,
To engage the Count Lozano,
To avenge his father's wrong;
Well he knew the dreadful party
Waiting on that mighty lord,
Thousands on Asturias' mountains
Starting at his lightest word.

Miraba cómo en las Córtes
Del Rey de Leon Fernando
Era sü voto el primero
Y en guerras mejor su brazo.
Todo le parece poco
Respecto de aquel agravio
El primero que se ha fecho
A la sangre de Lain Calvo.
Al cielo pide justicia,
Y á la tierra pide campo,
Y al viejo padre licencia
Y á la honra ezfuerzo y brazo.

Well he knew how King Fernando
Judged the Count Lozano's right;
His the foremost vote in Cortes,
His the foremost post in fight.
Yet, it all appeared as nothing
When his father's wrong he heard,
First and only wrong that ever
Lain Calvo's race incurred.
Then of heav'n he asks but justice,
Of the earth a field to fight,
Of his father leave to combat,
Of his honour manly might.

Non cuida de su niñez
Que en naciendo, es costumbrado
A morir por casos de honra
El valiente fijodalgo.
Descolgó una espada vieja
De Mudarra el Castellano
Que estaba vieja y mohosa
Por la muerte de su amo.
Y pensando que ella sola
Bastaba para el descargo
Antes que se la ciñese
Así le dice turbado:

Thoughts of his unequal boyhood
Little terror to him gave,
From their cradles, noble chieftains,
Honour calling, greet the grave.
Down from out the hanging armour
Took he old Mudarra's sword,
Where, for years, it had been rusting,
Dead its great Castilian lord;
Thinking only such a weapon
Such a quarrel can sustain,
Ere about his waist he girt it,
Troubled thus he vents his pain:

Faz cuenta valiente espada
Que es de Mudarra mi brazo,
Y que con su brazo riñes
Porque suyo es el agravio.
Bien sé que te correrás
De verte así en la mi mano
Mas no te podrás correr
De volver atras un paso.
Tan * fuerte como tu azero
Me verás en campo armado

" Reckon, valiant sword, O reckon,
" To Mudarra you belong,
" Grant his strength be mine in battle,
" His indeed has been my wrong:
" What, tho' proud of past atchievements,
" Thou so weak an arm would'st shun,
" Yet I know thee, valiant weapon!
" Backward never wilt thou run.
" Firm as thy unyielding temper,
" Shalt thou me in fight behold,

---

* It should seem that some of the following verses had been borrowed from an older romance, as several of them are *consonantes*.

Tan bueno como el primero
Segundo dueño has cobrado;
Y quando alguno te venza
Del torpe fecho enojado
Fasta la cruz en mi pecho
Te esconderé muy ayrado.
Vamos al campo, que es hora
De dar al Conde Lozano
El castigo, que merece
Tan infame lengua y mano.
Determinado va el Cid
Y va tan determinado,

"Thou hast, like a former master,
"Found a second full as bold;
"Then, if with thy aid I'm vanquished,
"Frantic with the shame and guilt,
"Will I hide thee in my bosom,
"To the cross which forms thy hilt.
"Haste, then, to the field of battle,
"Haste, oh, sword! we loiter long,
"To chastize the Count Lozano's
"Daring hand and lawless tongue."
Then went forth the Cid determined,
So determined did he go,

Que en espacio de una hora
Quedó del Conde vengado.

Ere an hour had passed, his weapon
Had avenged his father's blow.

ROMANCE TERCERO.

Non es de sesudos homes
Ni de infanzones de pro
Facer denuesto á un fidalgo
Que es tenudo mas que vos.

BALLAD THIRD.

" Ill becomes it men of wisdom,
" Worse befits it men of birth,
" To assail with wanton insult
" Higher fame or greater worth.

---

* The asonante in this ballad often deviates into the consonante, which may arise from the inattention of the author, or from passages of an older romaunce being interwoven in it.

GUILLEN DE CASTRO.

Non los fuertes barraganes
Del vueso ardid tan feroz
Prueban en homes ancianos
El su juvenil furor.
Non son buenas fechorias
Que los homes de Leon
Fieran en el rostro á un viejo
Y no el pecho á un infanzon.
Cuidárais que era mi padre
De Laìn Calvo sucesor,
Y que no sufren los tuertos
Los que han de buenos blason.

" Men of your transcendent valour,
" Though their veins may boil with rage,
" Vent not yet their youthful fury
" On the helpless limbs of age.
" No,—the haughty sons of Leon
" Wrought no deed of wond'rous might,
" When they smote an old man's features,
" Not the breast of youthful knight.
" Marked you well, how that my father
" Was of Lain Calvo's race;
" Knights who boast so proud a lineage
" Brook but ill such foul disgrace.

¿ Mas cómo vos atrevisteis
A un home que solo Dios
Siendo yo su fijo puede
Facer aquesto, otro non?
La su noble faz ñublasteis
Con nube de deshonor
Mas yo desfaré la niebla
Que es mi fuerza la del sol.
Que la sangre dispercude
Mancha que finca en la hónor
Y ha de ser, si bien me lembro
Con sangre del malhechor.

" Have you dared assail with insult
" Him, the man who calls me son?
" He shall, unrevenged, such usage,
" Save from God, receive from none.
" You, with clouds of dark dishonour,
" Shadowed had his noble face;
" Like the sun my rising glory
" Shall the misty vapours chase.
" Blood, and blood alone, effaces
" Stains of honour, spots of shame;
" Blood of those, if right I reckon,
" Whence the deadly outrage came;

La vuesa Conde tirano
Lo será, pues su furor
Os movió a desaguisado
Privandovos de razon.
Mano en mi padre pusisteis,
Delante el Rey con furor,
Cuida que lo denodasteis
Y que soy su fijo yo.
Mal fecho ficisteis Conde,
Yo vos reto de traidor
Y catad si vos atiendo
Si me causareis pavor.

" Thine that blood, thou Count so haughty,
" It shall for thy fury flow,
" Which had robbed thee of thy reason
" Ere thou dealt'st that frantic blow.
" Yes, you struck my noble father,
" In the presence was it done;
" Know you that affront was mortal,
" And that *I'm* Diego's son?
" Ill advised, O Count, you struck him,
" I defy you to the fight;
" Mark you, when we meet in combat,
" If I shudder at thy might.

Diego Lainez me fizo
Bien cendrado en su crisol,
Yo probaré en vos mis fuerzas
Y en vuesa mala intencion.
Nos vos valdrá el ardimiento
De mañero lidiador
Pues para me combatir
Traigo mi espada y troton *.
Aquesto al Conde Lozano
Dixo el buen Cid Campeador

" Cast from pure unsullied metal,
" Formed from old Diego's stock,
" Strong in youth, in justice stronger,
" I'll sustain the fearful shock.
" Spite of dexterous skill in battle,
" Nought the better shalt thou speed,
" I will bring with me to combat
" Trusty sword and trotting steed."
Thus to haughty Count Lozano
Spoke the Cid Campeador,

---

* Literally a trotting horse.

Que despues por sus fazañas
Este nombre mereció.
Dióle la muerte y vengóse
La cabeza le cortó
Y con ella ante su padre
Contento se afinojó.

(He, who by his after actions,
Earned the glorious name he bore);
Then he slew him, and, in vengeance,
Severed from the corpse his head;
Glad, he kneeling, cheers his father
With the sight of foeman dead.

ROMANCE QUARTO.

Asonantes.

Llorando Diego Laynez
Yaze sentado a la mesa
Vertiendo lagrimas tristes
Y tratando de su afrenta
Y trasportandose el viejo
La mente siempre inquieta
Y de temores honrados
Ya levantado quimeras;

BALLAD FOURTH.

Seated with his face reclin'd,
O'er his board Diego lies,
Thoughts of insult in his mind,
Tears of anguish in his eyes;
With the furious gusts of passion
Was his noble nature torn,
Visions of imagination,
Wounded honour, fancied scorn;

Quando Rodrigo venia
Con la cortada cabeza
Del Conde vertiendo sangre
Asida por la melena.
Tiró de su padre el brazo
Y del sueño lo recuerda
Y con el gozo que trae
Le dize de esta manera.
Veis aqui la hierba mala
Para que vos comays buena.
Abrid mi padre los ojos
Y alçad la faz, que es cierta

When his son, his Roderick came,
Count Lozano's head he bore,
By the locks he held the same,
Fresh and dripping yet with gore.
By his arm his sire he caught,
Bade him from his grief awake,
Bursting with the news he brought,—
With delight these words he spake:—
" Eat thy meal in triumph now,
" Rooted out the evil weed,
" Father, raise thy downcast brow,
" Fear not, thou'rt avenged indeed.

Vuessa honra con la vida
Oy resucita de muerta,
De su mancha está lavada
A pesar de su sobervia.
Que ay manos que no son manos
Y esta lengua ya no es lengua
Ya os he vengado señor
Que esta la venganza cierta
Quando la razon ayuda
A aquel que se arma della,
Piensa que lo sueña el viejo
Mas no es ansi que no sueña.

" Courage, father,—honour, lo!
" Dead awhile, revives to-day;
" Spite of the insulting foe,
" All the stain is washed away.
" Hands there were that strike no more,
" Haughty tongue that now is mute;
" Aided with the cause I bore,
" I've avenged the dire dispute."
Dreaming still th' old man appears,
Spite of seeming, dreams he not,
'Twas that through his endless tears,
Thousand visions wont to float;

Sino que el llorar prolixo
Mil caracteres le muestra,
Mas al fin alzó los ojos
Que fidalgas sombras ciegan
Y conoció a su enemigo
Aunque en su mortal librea
" Rodrigo fijo del alma
" Encubre aquessa cabeza
" No sea otra de Medusa
" Que me trueque en dura piedra
" Y sea tal mi disventura
" Que antes que te lo agradezca

But when once he raised his eyes,
With such shadows long possest,
He his well known foe descries,
Though in mortal liv'ry drest.
" Roderick, hide that head from view,
" Hide that head, my heart's own son,
" Lest the Gorgon's tale be true,
" And the sight turn me to stone.
" Sad indeed would be my story,
" Were my heart to burst for joy,
" Ere I hailed this deed of glory,
" Ere I thanked my gallant boy.

" Se me abra el corazon
" Con la alegria tan cierta.
" O Conde Lozano infame
" El cielo de ti me venga
" Y mi razon contra ti
" Ha dado a Rodrigo fuerza
" Sienta a yantar el mi fijo
" Do estoy, en mi cabecera
" Que quien tal cabeza trae
" Será en mi casa cabeça."

" Thou too, once detested sight,
" Miscreant Count, insulting foe,
" Justice lent my Roderick might,
" When his arm avenged thy blow.
" Sit you, son, nay, sit you here,
" Chief at every board I spread,
" Head of foe to me you bear,
" I yield you my table's head."

The fifth ballad, beginning Cavalga Diego Lainez; has no relation to the story of Ximena's marriage.

ROMANCE 6.

Asonantes.

Grande rumor se levanta
De gritos, armas y voces
En el palacio de Búrgos
Donde son los ricos homes.
Baxa el Rey de su aposento
Y con él toda la Corte,
Y á las puertas de palacio
Hallan a Ximena Gomez.

BALLAD 6.

Tumult great was raised in Burgos,
In the palace, in the streets,
Shouts and arms, and mingled voices,
Where the King his Cortes meets.
Down he came from out his chamber,
All his court upon him waits,
And they find Ximena Gomez
Weeping at the palace gates;

Desmelenado el cabello
Llorando á su padre el Conde
Y a Rodrigo de Vivar
Ensangrentado el estoque.
Vieron al soberbio mozo
El rostro airado que pone
De Doña Ximena oyendo
Lo que dicen sus rumores.
Justicia buen Rey te pido
Y venganza de traidores
Asi lá logren tus fijos
Y de sus fazañas goces:

Weeping for her murdered father,
With dishevelled locks she stood,
And the Cid himself was near her
With his rapier dripping blood;
Well they knew that haughty stripling,
By his proud insulting air,
As he listened to the wailings
Of Ximena, injured fair.
" Justice, mighty King, I plead for,
" Justice to avenge my wrong,
" So may all thy children find it,
" You enjoy their glories long.

Que aquel que no la mantiene
Del Rey no merece nombre
Nin comer pan en manteles
Nin que le sirvan los nobles.
Mira buen Rey que desciendo
De aquellos claros varones
Que a Pelayo defendiéron
Con Castellanos pendones,
Y quando no fuera asi
Tu brazo ha de ser conforme
Dando venganza a los chicos
Con rigor de los mayores.

" Kings when they dispense not justice,
" Ill the name of Kings deserve,
" They should eat no bread in napkins,
" Them no lords in state should serve.
" Know, good King, from famous heroes,
" I, thy suppliant, am descended,
" Heroes, whose Castilian banners
" Don Pelayo's self defended;
" That apart, thy equal justice
" Should avenge my heavy wrong,
" Duty bids the kingly office
" Right the weak and curb the strong

Y tu, matador rabioso
Tu espada sangrienta corre
Por esta humilde garganta
Sujeta á su duro golpe
Matame, traidor, á mí,
Por muger no me perdones;
Mira que pide justicia
Contra tí Ximena Gomez,
Pues mataste un caballero
El mejor de los mejores
La defensa de la fé
Terror de los Almanzores;

" Thou, too, furious, murderous ruffian,
" Let thy sword in blood proceed,
" Let it pierce my humble bosom,
" Let a helpless woman bleed:
" What! tho' she's a helpless woman,
" Let not that thy rapier stay,
" While she lives, Ximena Gomez,
" Will for vengeance on thee pray,
" For the bravest of our champions,
" Best of all our knights you slew,
" Bulwark of the Christian doctrine,
" Terror of the Moorish crew!

No es mucho, rapaz villano
Que te afrente y te deshonre;
La muerte traidor te pido
No me la niegues y estorbes:
En esto viendo Ximena
Que Rodrigo no responde,
Y que tomando las riendas
En su caballo se pone;
El rostro volviendo á todos
Por obligallos da voces,
Y viendo que no le siguen
Dice: Venganza, Señores!

"'Tis no wonder, haughty stripling,
"If I dare thy deeds arraign,
"Death is all I pray for, traitor,
"Grant it, or my prayer is vain."
Sad Ximena, now perceiving
How the Cid his silence keeps,
How with hands the bridle catching,
Careless on his steed he leaps;
Turning to the crowd around her,
Fain with plaints would all persuade,
Shrieking out, when none would follow,
"Vengeance, lords! oh, grant me aid!"

Romance 7.

Consonantes, or full rhime.

En Burgos está el buen Rey
Assentado en su yantare,
Quando la Ximena Gomez
Se le vino a querellare;
Cubierta toda de luto,
Tocas de negro cendale,
Las rodillas por el suelo
Començara de hablare.

Ballad 7.

The King had sat him down to dine,
In Burgos where he dwelt,
When fair Ximena hurried in
To tell the wrongs she felt.
A mourning dress was all she wore,
Her cap was crape so black,
And humbly kneeling on the floor,
These words of woe she spake—

" Con manzilla vivo, Rey;
Con ella murió mi madre,
Cada dia que amanece
Veo al que mató a mi padre.
Caballero en un caballo,
Y en su mano un Gavilane
Por fazerme mas despecho
Cébalo en mi palomare.
Matame mis palomillas
Criadas y por criare,
La sangre que sale dellas
Teñido me há el briale

" My mother did of sorrow die,
" I drag a life of pain,
" Each morn the man offends my eye,
" By whom my sire was slain:
" With hawk on wrist he rides, and loves
" To work me more despight,
" To fly his falcon at my doves,
" And kill them in my sight."
" And as my slaughtered fav'rites bleed,
" My robe with red is died,
" I sent t' arraign the wanton deed,
" And he with threats replied:

Embioselo a dezire,
Embióme à amenazare.
Rey que no faze justicia
Non deviera de reynare,
Ni cavalgar en cavallo
Ni con la Reyna folgare.
Nin comer pan en manteles
Ni menos armas le armare.
El Rey quando aquesto oyera
Començara de pensare.
Si yo prendo o mato al Cid
Mis Cortes rebolveranse

" The King who justice won't enforce
" His kingdom should not keep,
" No right has he to cross a horse,
" Or with a Queen to sleep.
" He should not taste of napkined bread,
" Nor steel about him bind."
The King heard what Ximena said,
And pondered in his mind—
" Say, I the Cid or take or kill?
" My Cortes will revolt.
" Say he goes free?—the deed is ill—
" God will avenge the fault.

Pues si lo dexo de hazer
Dios me lo ha dé demandare.
Mandarle quiero una carta,
Mandarle quiero llamare.
Sus palabras no son dichas
La carta camino vae,
Mensagero que la lleva
Dado la habia al padre,
Quando el Cid aquesto supo
Assi comenzó a fallare
Mala mañana habeis, Conde,
Non vos la puedo quitare

"A letter I resolve to send"—
He spoke—the letter sped—
Scarce off, it reached its journey's end,
And its contents were read.
The father reads and not the son,
Which, when the Cid did know,
He cries, "For greeting I use none;
"What's that you did not shew?
"Bad tidings from the King, I fear?"
"Nay, nay," his father said,
"It bids you come, but stay you here,
"And I'll go in your stead."

Que carta que el Rey vos manda
No me la quereis mostrare.
Non era nada, mi fijo,
Sino que vades allae
Fincad vos aca, mi fijo,
Que yo ire en vuesso lugare.
Menca Dios lo tal quisiesse,
Ni Santa Maria su madre,
Si no que donde vos fuesedes
Tenyo yo de yr delante.

" Now, Holy Mary, God forbid!
" And may thy son be curst,
" If where thou go'st," exclaims the Cid,
" I go not always first."

The eighth ballad, beginning "*Reyes Moros en Castilla,*" has no reference to the story of Ximena's marriage.

ROMANCE 9.

Asonantes.

Sentado está el Señor Rey
En su silla de respaldo,
De su gente mal regida
Desavenencias juzgando,
Dadivoso y justiciero,
Premia al bueno, y pena al malo,
Que castigos y mercedes
Hacen seguros vasallos.

BALLAD 9.

On his subjects strife deciding,
Sat the King in chair of state,
Grace and justice, hope and terror,
On his dread awards await;
Bounteous, yet severe his judgments,
Evil punish, good reward,
Vice chastised, desert requited,
Best the subject's welfare guard.

Arrastrando luengos lutos
Entráron treinta fidalgos,
Escuderos de Ximena
Fija del Conde Lozano.
Despachados los maceros
Quedó suspenso el palacio,
Y así comenzó sus quejas
Humillada en los estrádos:
Señor, hoy hace seis meses,
Que murió mi padre á manos
De un muchacho, que las tuyas
Para matadór criáron.

Thirty squires in long procession,
All in black, and noble all,
Waiting on Ximena Gomez,
Entered then the Audience Hall:
Those who bore the mace retreated,
And the court in silence wait,
While Ximena vents her sorrow,
Prostrate on the cloth of state.—
" Sire, six months have now passed by us
" Since my noble father bled,
" Slain by one, thy partial favour
" To such lawless actions bred;

Quatro veces hè venido Romance 9.
A tus pies, y todas quatro
Alcanzè prometimientos
Justicia jamas alcanzo.
Don Rodrigo de Vivar
Rapaz orgulloso y vano
Profana tus justas leyes
Y tú amparas un profano.
Tu le zelas, tu le encubres,
Y despues de puesto en salvo
Castigas á tus merinos
Porque no pueden prendallo.

" Four times at thy feet I've fallen,
" Four times do I thus complain;
" Gracious words and promise always,
" Justice never I obtain.
" Haughty, vain, and young Rodrigo
" Hath your sacred laws defied,
" Proudly does he still defy them,
" You protect the stripling's pride:—
" You preserve him, you conceal him,
" When the favor'd culprit's hid,
" Then, for that they cannot find him,
" Are your loyal bailiffs chid!

Romance 9.

Si de Dios los buenos Reyes
La semejánza y el cargo
Representan en la tierra
Con los humildes humanos;
No debiera de ser Rey
Bien tenido y bien amado
Quien fallece en la justicia
Y esfuerza los desacatos.
Mal lo miras, mal lo piensas:
Perdona si mal te fablo,
Que la injuria en la muger
Vuelve el respeto en agravio.

" If good Kings in all their actions
" Follow God, as need they must,
" Since on earth they bear his semblance,
" Since from him derive their trust,
" Shall the love, and shall the honour,
" Shall the name of King belong
" To a man who fails in justice,
" Nor redresses subjects' wrong?
" Ill advised, misguided monarch!
" Pardon if I speak not right,
" Wrongs endured, in simple woman,
" Turn respect to foul despight."

" No haya mas, gentil doncella," Romance 9.
Respondió el primer Fernando,
" Que ablandarán vuestras quejas
" Un pecho de azero y mármol.
" Si yo guardo á Don Rodrigo
" Para vueso bien le guardo
" Tiempo vendrá que por él
" Convirtaís en gozo el llanto."
En esto llegó á la sala
De Doña Urraca un recado:
Asióla del brazo el Rey,
Donde está la Infanta entráron.

Then replied the King Fernando—
" Say no more, and cease thy moan,
" Words like thine, sweet maid, would soften
" Breast of steel and heart of stone:
" If I've saved this youth, I've saved him
" More for thine than his relief;
" Time shall come, when this Rodrigo,
" To delight shall turn thy grief."
As he spoke in came a message,
The Princèss the King requires;
Handing forth Ximena Gomez,
To Urraca he retires.

Romance 10.

Consonantes *.

Romance 10.

De Rodrigo de Bivar
Muy grande fama corria
Cinco Reyes ha vencido
Moros de la Moreria.
Soltoles de la prision
Do metido los tenia

Ballad 10.

Rodrigo's fame was widely spread,
When he the Moors o'erthrew;
Five Kings in triumph had he led—
Kings of that Moorish crew;
But soon his captives he let free
From prison where they lay,

---

* This appears to me the oldest of the romances on the Cid's marriage.

Romance 10.

Quedaron por sus vasallos
Sus parias le prometian.
En Burgos estaba el Rey
Que Fernando se decia
Aquessa Ximena Gomez
Ante el buen Rey parecia
Humillado se havia ante el
Y su razon proponia:
Fija soy yo de Don Gomez
Que en Gormaz condado havia—
Don Rodrigo de Bivar
Lo mató con valentia.
Vengoos a pedir merced
Que me fagais este dia

To live his vassals they agree,
And tribute to him pay.
In Burgos King Fernando dwelt,
To him Ximena goes,
There at his feet a suppliant knelt,
And did these terms propose:
" Count Gomez' daughter you behold,
" His lands in Gormaz lay,
" And him with outrage fierce and bold
" Did young Rodrigo slay.

Romance 10.

Y es que aquesse Don Rodrigo
Por marido yo os pedia
Tendreme por bien casada
Honrada me contaria
Que soy cierta su hazienda
Hà de ir en mejoria
Y mayor en el estado
Que en vuestra tierra havria.
Fareisme muy gran merced,
Fazerlo vos bien venia
Porque es servicio de Dios
Y yo le perdonaria
La muerte que el dio a mi padre
Si el aquesto concedia.

" And now I come a boon to pray,
" A boon for mercy's sake,
" 'Tis that my husband you to-day
" This same Rodrigo make;
" For so well wedded shall I be,
" And honoured by his hand,
" His fortune will become I see
" The first in all this land.
" So God will bless the boon you give,
" Grant you what I desire,

Romance 10.

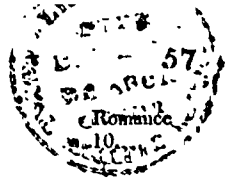
Al Rey le parecio bien
Lo que Ximena pedia.
Escrivierale sus cartas
Que viniesse le dezia
A Plasencia donde estava
Que es cosa que le cumplia.
Rodrigo que vio las cartas
Que el Rey Fernando le embia
Cavalga sobre Bavieca
Muchos en su compañia
Todos eran fijos d'algo
Los que Rodrigo traia.
Armas nuevas traian todos
De una color se vestian

" Let him consent, and I forgive
" The murder of my sire."
The King thereat was right content,
Pleased with Ximena's prayer,
And soon he to Plasencia sent
To call Rodrigo there.
He leapt on Bavieca strait,
A train his course attends,
New armed, clad all alike they wait,
And kinsmen all and friends.

Romance 10.

Amigos son y parientes
Todos los que le seguian.
Trezientos eran aquestos
Que con Rodrigo venian.
El Rey salió a recibirlo
Que muy mucho le queria—
Y dixo el Rey a Rodrigo
" Agradezcoos la venida"
Aquessa Ximena Gomez—
Por marido vos pedia
Y la muerte de su padre
Perdonada vos tenia

Three hundred horsemen with him moved,
The King went him to meet,
(For much the youth Fernando loved)
And with these words did greet:—
" Ximena Gomez prays, with thee
" A wedded wife to live,
" Her father's death, if you agree,
" The damsel will forgive:
" I too conjure you to consent,
" My pleasure it will suit,
" I'll grant thee lands of wide extent,
" And give thee thanks to boot."



Yo vos ruego lo fagays
Dello gran plazer avria
Fazeros he gran merced
" Muchas tierras yo os daria."
" Plazeme Rey y Señor"
Don Rodrigo respondia
" Y en esto y en todo aquello
Que tu voluntad seria."
El Rey se lo agradeciò
Desposado les avia.

" You ask it, Sir, so let it be,"
Rodrigo strait replied,
" My sovereign's will's a law to me
" In this and all beside."
The King returned him thanks, content
To hear him speak so fair,
And then, with all the court's consent,
Betrothed that famous pair.

The eleventh romance relates the ceremony and splendor of their nuptials, and the generosity of the King to the Cid. The twelfth contains the legend of St. Lazarus, who appeared to the Cid as a leper, Romance 11. Romance 12.

and was relieved by him; and though this idle story is according to the ballad subsequent to his marriage with Ximena, it is introduced in the first part of the Mocedades.

Guillen de Castro borrowed his plot from ballads.

Such were the sources from which Guillen de Castro drew the story and sentiments of his play. The reader will have perceived in the tenth ballad (*De Rodrigo de Bivar*, &c.) that the proposal of marriage originates with Ximena herself. She is not, however, prompted by any romantic or ungovernable love to so indelicate a proceeding. Her motives are of the most worldly and sordid nature.

Que soy cierta su hazienda
Ha de ir en mejoria.

His fortune will become, I see,
The first in all this land.

Nothing could be less adapted to heroic

tragedy than such sentiments and conduct. Guillen de Castro has, with great judgment, altered that part of the story. Ximena falls in love with the Cid in the first scene of his play, and the Cid is described as passionately enamoured of her before he undertakes to execute the dreadful injunctions of his father. Many other instances of Guillen de Castro's judgment might be adduced, but the following abstract will sufficiently shew the manner in which he has managed the plot.

Altered and improved it.

It is not so easy to convey an idea of the sentiments and language of a play in an imperfect abridgment. While some defects may escape the English critic, I am afraid that many beauties of the more laboured passages will be scarcely discernible in my humble but literal translation.

LAS MOCEDADES DEL CID.

FIRST PART.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King, FERNANDO.
The QUEEN.
DON SANCHO, Prince.
The INFANTA DOÑA URRACA.
DIEGO LAINEZ, the Cid's father.
RODRIGO, the Cid.
HERNAN DIAZ, } Cid's brothers.
BERMUDO LAIN, }
COUNT LOZANO.
XIMENA GOMEZ, his daughter.
ELVIRA.
ARIAS GONZALES.
PERANZULES.
DON MARTIN GONZALES.
A Fencing Master.
A Moorish King.
Four Moors.
A Shepherd.
Pages.
Music.

SCENE I.

KING FERNANDO, DIEGO LAINEZ.

The scene opens with the decrepid Diego Lainez thanking the King on his knees for the honour he is about to confer on him by knighting his son, Rodrigo, arming him with his own weapons, and allowing the Prince and the Queen to be his sponsors at the ceremony. Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

To them enter the QUEEN, *the* PRINCE SANCHO, *the* INFANTA URRACA, *the* CID, XIMENA, *the* COUNT LOZANO, ARIAS, GONZALO, *and* PERANZULES.

The ceremony of knighting the hero, which is performed at the altar of St. James with a silver bason, a sword, and golden spurs, occasions many expressions of admiration from the persons present at his appearance; many presents and compli-

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

ments from the King, and some observations of both the Infanta and Ximena on his person, which prepare the audience for the ensuing events of the tragedy, by betraying the leading causes of them in the passion conceived for the Cid by both the Princess and Ximena.

The haughty temper of the Prince Sancho is also preserved in this scene, and affords a contrast to the calm and dignified character of the Cid. The latter, however, is not exempt from that propensity to boasting, which seems natural to all the dramatic heroes of Spain. The King, in presenting him the sword of a knight, informs him that he had worn it in five pitched battles. The Cid replies, that he will never sheath it until it has gained as many in his hands.

The pomp is at length withdrawn, and the King recalls his four counsellors, Diego

Lainez, Arias Gonzalo, Peranzules, and Lozano. Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

El Rey.

Conde de Orgaz, Peranzules,
Laiṇez, Arias Gonzalo,
Los quatro que haceis famoso
Nuestro concejo de estado,
Esperad, volved, no os vais
Sentaos que tengo que hablaros.
(*Sientanse todos quatro y El Rey en medio de ellos.*
Murió Gonzalo Bermudez
Que del Principe Don Sancho

The King.

Ye four great statesmen, chiefs of mighty name,
Who form my council, give that council fame;
I pray you wait—your monarch bids you stay,
And sit, my lords, for I have much to say.
(*The four counsellors sit, two on each side of the King.*)
Of sage advice our kingdom stands in need,
Bermudez, guardian of my son, is dead!

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Fué ayo, y murió en el tiempo
Que mas le importaba el ayo;
Pues dexando estudio y letras
El Principe tan temprano
Tras su inclinacion le llevan
Guerras armas y caballos:
Y siendo de condicion
Tan indomable y tan bravo
Que tiene asombrado el mundo
Con sus prodigios extraños,
Un vasallo ha menester
Que tan leal como sabio

Sad stroke of fate!—the prudent lord expired,
When most the prince his saving care required;
For he, no longer to his books confined,
Betrays, though young, a fierce unbending mind;
Horses and shields, and arms, engross his care,
And all his fiery soul is bent on war:
Where then is he, the stern, but prudent sage,
Who with firm hand shall curb his headlong age,
And, without breaking, quell so wild a rage?
Needs must the choice, on which so much depends,
Lie among those, I call, as you, my friends,
All four are fit—but yet, since one attends

Enfrene sus apetitos
Con prudencia y con recato;
Y asi yo viendo, parientes,
Mas amigos que vasallos,
Que es mayordomo mayor
De la Reyna Arias Gonzalo
Y que de Alonzo y Garcia
Tiene la cura a su cargo
Peranzules, y que el Conde
Por muchas causas Lozano
Para mostrar lo que es
Viste acero, y corre el campo,
Quiero que a Diego Lainez
Tenga el Principe por ayo.
Pero es mi gusto que sea
Con parecer de los quatro,

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

My younger sons, since Arias serves the Queen,
Since thou, Lozano, still in mail art seen
To scour the field, and ill the times could spare
Thy active valour from the works of war;
Your monarch's choice would on Diego fall,
But ere he chooses, he consults you all:
All four in this and other counsels share,
Props of my crown, and partners of my care.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Columnas de mi corona
Y apoyos de mi cuidado.
Ar. ¿Quien como Diego Lainez
Puede tener a su cargo
Lo que importa tanto a todos
Y al mundo le importa tanto?
Per. Merece Diego Lainez
Tal favor, de tales manos.
Con. Si, merece y mas ahora
Que á ser contigo ha llegado
Preferido a mi valor
Tan á costa de mi agravio.
Habiendo yo pretendido

Ar. And who so fit to fill a trust so great,
On which depends a kingdom's future fate,
As one in council grey, the pillar of thy state?
Per. Diego Lainez well deserves the meed
From thee, Fernando!
Loz. He deserves indeed!
What does he not deserve who lives to see
His claims preferred to mine,—preferred, O King, by thee?
For I to serve thy royal son desired,
And as in hopes I to that post aspired;

El servir en este cargo
Al principe mi señor
Que el cielo guarde mil años,
Debieras mirar, buen Rey,
Lo que siento y lo que callo
Por estar en tu presencia
Si es que puedo sufrir tanto.
¿Si el viejo Diego Lainez
Con el peso de los años
Caduca ya, cómo puede
Siendo caduco ser sabio?
Y quando al Principe enseñe
Lo que entre exercicios varios
Debe hacer un caballero

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

If I can stoop my sufferings to conceal,
If, awed by thee, I stifle what I feel;
Still thou must know my wrongs, and well may guess
Those thoughts thy presence only can suppress—
Diego! in whose tottering frame appears
The hand of time, the fatal weight of years;
Shall he our Prince instruct in arms, in fight,
In all the prowess of a perfect knight?
When he the youth would by example teach
To scour the plain, or to assail the breach;

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

En las plazas y en los campos,
¿Podrá para darle exemplo
Como yo mil veces hago
Hacer una lanza hastillas
Desalentando un caballo?
Si yo—

Rey. Baste.

Dieg. Nunca, Conde,
Anduvisteis tan Lozano *.
Que estoy caduco confieso,
Que el tiempo al fin puede tanto:

The way to toil shall old Diego lead,
Urge the fleet courser panting in his speed?
Or break the lance to shivers in his sight?
The daily sports that form my chief delight—

King. Enough.

Diego. The haughty * Count's thy name, they say;
And well that title hast thou prov'd to-day;
Yes, I am weak, I not deny the crime,
Such is the doom of age, and such the power of time!
But weak, old, tottering, gasping for my breath,
In sleep, in sickness, in the pangs of death,

---

* Lozano, in Spanish, means gay and arrogant; and there is a play upon the word in the original that cannot be rendered.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Mas caducando, durmiendo,
Feneciendo, delirando,
Puedo, puedo enseñar yo
Lo que muchos ignoraron.
Que si es verdad que se muere
Qual se vive, agonizando
Para vivir daré exemplos
Y valor para imitarlos.
Si ya me faltan las fuerzas
Para con pies y con brazos
Hacer de lanzas hastillas
Y desalentar caballos,
De mis hazañas escritas
Daré al Principe un traslado
Y aprenderá en lo que hice,

Still could I serve my prince, his youth could turn
To high and mighty things, becoming him to learn.
Who lives must die—yet dying we may give
Of courage proofs, and lessons how to live;
And, though these limbs no longer have the force
To break the lance, or urge the panting horse,
The prince may read, and kindle as he reads,
My written actions and recorded deeds.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Sino aprende en lo que hago.
Y vera el mundo y el Rey
Que ninguno en lo criado
Merece—

Rey. Diego Lainez!

Cond. Yo lo merezco—

Rey. Vasallos!

Cond. Tan bien como tu y mejor.

Rey. Conde!

Dieg. Recibes engaño.

Cond. Yo digo—

Rey. Soy vuestro Rey.

Dieg. No dices—

Atchievements past, now crown'd with endless fame,
Shall more than present might his soul inflame;
So shall our King, and so the world allow,
[*Lozano steps forward to interrupt Diego.*
That none on earth deserves this charge—

King. What now!

Count. I not deserve?

King. Ah, why this contest seek?
Forbear, my Lords!—your King forbids you speak.

Cond. Dira la mano
Lo que ha callado la lengua.
[*Dale una bofetada.*

Per. Tente.

Dieg. Ay! viejo desdichado!

Rey. Ha de mi guardia!

Dieg. Dexadme!

Rey. Prendedle.

Cond. Estas enojado.
Espera, escusa alborotos,
Rey poderoso, Rey magno,
Y no los habra en el mundo
De haberlos en tu palacio:
Y perdonale esta vez
A esta espada y esta mano
El perderte aqui el respeto,

Count. Then hands for me, and with a blow, attest [*Strikes Diego.*
The angry thoughts my tongue so ill supprest.

Per. Alas, forbear!

Diego. Oh! wretched helpless age!

King. What ho! a guard!

Count. My liege, repress thy rage.
Disturbance then, if thou in patience wait,
Which shakes thy palace, shall not harm thy state;

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Pues tantas y en tantos años
Fue apoyo de tu corona,
Caudillo de tus soldados,
Defendiendo tus fronteras,
Y vengando tus agravios.
Considera que no es bien
Que prendan los Reyes sabios
A los hombres como yo,
Que son de los Reyes manos,
Alas de su pensamiento
Y corazon de su Estado.

I own (and let my King his grace accord
For once in favour of a loyal sword)
My hand forgot the presence of its Lord;
But I, for years the pillar of thy throne,
Thy frontiers guarded and thy battles won,
Thy wrongs redress'd; and loth wise kings should be
To lay the hands of power on mighty chiefs like me.
A warlike subject is the Prince's hand,
To act his thought, perform his dread command;
The wing on which his schemes of empire rise,
The heart that warmth, and force, and soul throughout supplies.
King. What, ho!

Rey. Ola!

Cond. Perdona.

Per. Señor!

Arias. Señor!

Rey. Espera villano!

[*Vase el Conde.*

Seguidle.

Arias. Parezca ahora
Tu prudencia gran Fernando.

Dieg. Llamadle, llamad al Conde
Que venga a exercer el cargo
De ayo de vuestro hijo,
Que podra mas bien honrarlo,

Count. Your pardon.— [*Exit.*

King. Ruffian! villain! stay.

Arias. 'Tis yours, oh King, your prudence to display.

Diego. Nay, call him, grant him all he asks.
'Tis just,
Who most can honour, should enjoy the trust;
And he on whom the smiles of fortune shine,
Proud of his glories, rich in spoils of mine,
In youth, in vigour, insolent and vain,
Flushed with success, may well the charge sustain;

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Pues que yo sin honra quedo,
Y el lleva altivo y gallardo
Añadido al que tenia
El honor que me ha quitado:
Y yo me ire, si es que puedo,
Tropezando en cada paso
Con la carga de la afrenta
Sobre el peso de mis años,
Donde mis agravios llore
Hasta vengar mis agravios

Rey. Escucha, Diego Lainez.

Dieg. Mal parece un afrentado

But I,—disgrac'd, dishonour'd as I am,
Depressed with age, but more depressed with shame;—
Fly hence my wrongs in secret to deplore,
Till death my sorrow close, or vengeance fame restore.
I go—

King. Nay, tarry. Good Diego, hear—

Diego. Pardon, my liege; 'twould ill in thee appear,
To let insulted men approach thy throne;

En presencia de su Rey.

Rey. Oid.

Dieg. Perdonad, Fernando.

Ay! sangre que honró a Castilla! [*Vase.*

Rey. Loco estoy.

Arias. Va apasionado.

Rey. Tiene razon. ¿Que haré, amigos?
Prenderé al Conde Lozano?

Arias. No, Señor, que es poderoso,
Arrogante, rico y bravo,
Y aventuras en tu imperio
Tus Reynos, y tus vasallos.
Demas de que en casos tales
Es negocio averiguado.

And, honoured long, alas! I now am one;
Oh, injured blood, of proud Castile the best! [*Exit.*

Arias. How fierce he went, how passion tears his breast!

King. And well it may, for insults great as these—
But what remains? shall I Lozano seize?

Arias. No; to forbear the safer course I hold;
Lozano, Sir, is insolent and bold;
To wealth adds power, and well a cause so great
May shake an empire, and embroil a state;

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Que el prender al delinquente
Es publicar el agravio.
Rey. Bien dices: ve, Peranzules,
Siguiendo al Conde Lozano:
Sigue tu a Diego Lainez:
Decid de mi parte a entrambos
Que pues la desgracia ha sido
En mi aposento cerrado
Y está seguro el secreto,
Que ninguno a publicarlo
Se atreva, haciendo el silencio
Perpétuo; y que yo lo mando
So pena de mi desgracia.
Per. Notable razon de Estado!
Rey. Y dile a Diego Lainez
Que su honor tomo a mi cargo,
Y que vuelva luego a verme:
Y di al Conde que le llamo,
Y le aseguro; y veremos
Si puede haber medio humano

Nay, other ills to such rash deeds belong,
You seize the culprit, but proclaim the wrong.
King. 'Tis wisely said—the counsel to pursue,
You to Lozano—to Diego you
Repair, and say, when this sad scene occurred
My door was closed, no mortal saw or heard:

Que componga estas desdichas.
Per. Iremos.
Rey. Volved volando.
Arias. Mi sangre es Diego Lainez.
Per. Del Conde soy primo hermano.
Rey. Rey soy mal obedecido:
Castigaré mis vasallos.
[*Vanse.*

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

I bid them then the weighty secret keep,
Buried in long oblivion let it sleep;
My high displeasure shall the wretch await,
Who dare reveal this secret of my state—
Away!
Arias. I kin to old Diego claim.
Per. I boast alliance with Lozano's name.
[*Exeunt.*
King. I'm mock'd. Authority shall have its day,
And fear shall teach my vassals to obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rodrigo is discovered with his two younger brothers, Hernan Diaz and Bermudo Lain, who converse with him on his armour.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Rodrigo replies to their compliments, by encouraging them to expect some honours from the King, who, he observes, has enough for every one. He then renews his vow of gaining five pitched battles, when his conversation is interrupted by the appearance of his father.

Diego enters with his staff broken. He at first seems inclined to speak to his sons; and on perceiving that the Cid is disarmed, asks him significantly if this is the moment for laying by his sword. He afterwards dismisses them all with great impetuosity, and taking down the sword of Mudarra*, finds his strength unequal to wielding it. He then breaks out into a passionate and spirited soliloquy on the helplessness of old age, and the disgrace of unrevenged affront.

* A native of Cordoba, of Moorish extraction, but afterwards adopted by the Lara family, and much celebrated in the national songs for his heroic atchievements; he flourished about the year 990. Vide Morales Cor. Gen. Vol. viii. L. xvii. c. 20, p. 399.

After some reflection, he determines to entrust his sons with the vindication of his honour, and calls in the youngest, Hernan Diaz. In conformity with the tradition preserved in the ballads, he pinches the young man's hand, and when he complains of the pain, drives him from his presence with bitter reproaches. The second, Bermudo Lain, is subjected to the same trial, and in the same manner disappoints and enrages his father. At length Rodrigo is summoned. He enters with an expression of surprise, not unmixed with indignation, that his younger brothers should have preceded him. When, however, his father, taking his hand, applies it to his mouth and bites it most severely, he can no longer contain his fury, but exclaims, that if he were not his father, he would revenge the offence by striking him on the spot!

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

"It would not be the first blow I have

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

received," answers Diego. The Cid eagerly demands what he means, and he exclaims:

Dieg. Hijo del alma
Ese sentimiento adoro,
Esa colera me agrada
Esa braveza bendigo,
Esa sangre alborotada
Que ya en tus venas rebienta,
Que ya por tus ojos salta,
Es la que me dio Castilla,
Y la que te di heredada
De Lain Calvo, y de Nuño,

"Child of my soul, this anger I approve,
"Such rage I honour, and such fire I love;
"With joy I see thy boiling passions rise,
"And bless thy glowing cheeks and kindling eyes:
"Yes! the warm blood which rushes to thy face
Descends indeed, from Lain Calvo's race.
Through Nuño's veins the noble current run,
Such I received, and such I gave my son!—
No haughty Count, howe'er he earn the name,
Shall then, attaint it in its course of fame;

Y la que afrentó en mi cara
El Conde, el Conde de Orgaz,
Ese a quien Lozano llaman.
Rodrigo, dame los brazos:
Hijo, esfuerza mi esperanza,
Y esta mancha de mi honor,
Que al tuyo se extiende, lava
Con sangre, que sangre sola
Quita semejantes manchas.
Si no te llamé el primero
Para hacer esta venganza,
Fue porque mas te queria,

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

" Tho' he, Count Orgaz, would our house disgrace,
" And fixed the daring insult on my face;
" But thou, my son, to raise our house again,
" Washing in hostile blood this latter stain,
" (For what but blood can for such wrongs atone?)
" Shalt cleanse thy father's glories and thy own;
" My hopes on thee and on thy courage rest,
" I called thee last, because I lov'd thee best;
" Because my age, grown fond, had hoped to spare
" My favourite child, my first, my greatest heir:
" I tried thy brethren, but I blushed to find
" In both a coward heart and groveling mind:

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

Fue porque mas te adoraba,
Y tus hermanos quisiera
Que mis agravios vengaran
Por tener seguro en tí
El mayorazgo en mi casa.
Pero pues los vi al probarlos
Tan sin brios, tan sin alma,
Que doblaron mis afrentas,
Y crecieron mis desgracias;
A ti te toca, Rodrigo:
Cobra el respeto a estas canas.
Poderoso es el contrario:
Y en palacio, y en campaña
Su parecer el primero
Y suya la mejor lanza.

" Men without souls, a scandal to our name,
" That but confirm d th' affront, and deeper died my
" shame;
" 'Tis thine then, thine these hoary locks to save,
" And bid me sink with honour to the grave;
" Then summon all thy soul; too well I know,
" I bid thee cope with no ignoble foe;
" Still found his suits to urge, his lance to wield,
" First in the presence, foremost in the field;

Pero pues tienes valor,
Y discurso no te falta,
Quando a la verguenza miras,
Aqui ofensa, y alli espada;
No tengo mas que decirte,
Pues ya mi aliento se acaba
Y voy à llorar afrentas
Mientras tu tomas venganzas.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

[*Vase.*

" Yet since thy heart can feel, thy arm can
" fight,
" The dread of shame shall raise thy latent might;
" Think on thy father's wrong, thy own disgrace,
" And wield this weapon to redeem our race.
" Rage choaks my utterance, more I cannot speak,
" I weep my wrongs,—'tis thine redress to seek,
" And on that hated head the vengeance due to
" wreak."

[*Exit Diego.*

Rodrigo remains, and expresses the conflict between his honour and his love in a speech of considerable feeling and poetry.

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

It is, however, too lyrical in metre, thought, and expression. Before he leaves the stage, he reverts to the ordinary verse of redondilla mayor, and repeats nearly word for word the greater part of the second ballad or romance *.

[*Exit.*

Scene discovers XIMENA *and* DONA URRACA *at a balcony.*

They converse on the gallant appearance of Rodrigo. The Infanta, betraying her own admiration of him, banters Ximena on the warmth of her praises.

Enter below COUNT LOZANO, PERANZULES, *and* SERVANTS.

The ladies observe the agitation of Lozano, but cannot overhear a conversation

* Pensativo estaba el Cid.

between Peranzules and the Count, in which the former endeavours to prevail upon Lozano to offer some explanation to the King and to Diego for the outrage he had just committed. Lozano, without justifying his conduct, maintains that honour admits of no explanation but by the sword, says that the plea of drunkenness or madness, which alone could excuse his violence, would disgrace him, and not satisfy Diego; and when his companion attempts to intimidate him with the consequences of his haughtiness, insolently dwells upon his own importance and courage, and derides Diego for his decrepitude, and his sons, or as he calls them, his brats, for their inexperience. Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

[*Exeunt Peranzules and Lozano.*

Enter Rodrigo, who perceives the ladies at the window, and with much gallantry to

Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

both, marks most respect for the Infanta, and most love for Ximena. In the mean while his state of mind does not escape the observation of the enamoured Ximena. He laments his destiny, and even hesitates between his affection to his mistress, and his duty to his father, though he sees Lozano, who re-enters, conversing with Peranzules. At length Diego appears, and the sight of him decides his wavering resolution. A short and spirited dialogue, which is closely imitated by Corneille, ensues. Rodrigo bids the Count step aside, points to his father, tells him that he is his son, and challenges him to meet in some more retired spot. Lozano treats his extreme youth with great scorn, and at length with a very undignified insult, threatens, as he had struck his father, to kick him. This is too much for Rodrigo to bear; they

draw and exeunt fighting, while the exclamations of Urraca and Ximena testify their horror at the rencounter. The Count cries behind the scenes—"I am slain!" The Cid enters, defending himself against the assaults of Lozano's followers, till Urraca interferes, and with the authority of an Infanta, forbids their pursuit of Rodrigo. Mocedades del Cid. Act I.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

King Fernando enters, enquiring the cause of the disturbance he has heard in the streets, and Arias and Peranzules arrive to inform him that Rodrigo has killed the Count, and with a sword in his hand escaped, or rather defied the officers of justice. Ximena and Diego enter at opposite doors, the former with a bloody handkerchief, and the latter with his cheek Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

stained with the blood of Lozano. After an altercation in short speeches, each pleads his cause at some length, and Ximena paints with much passion the impression made on her mind by her father's wound and death, and observes, in language which Corneille has imitated, that death prevented him from uttering his injunctions through any mouth but that of his wound; that they are written on the dust in characters of blood.

Diego says, that he arrived as Lozano expired, and washed the offence he had received in the presence of the King on his cheek with the blood of him who had offered it. While they are pleading the cause, Urraca and Prince Sancho arrive. The King bids Ximena be comforted, and orders Diego to be arrested. Sancho, at the suggestion of his sister, intercedes for his governor Diego, and in the course of his

intercession, betrays that haughty and ungovernable temper which characterized him through life, by threatening the courtiers, and even his father, with violence, if his suit be rejected. The King evades the embarrassment in which he is placed, by leaving Diego in the friendly custody of Prince Sancho. A messenger summons the Infanta Urraca to the Queen's house in the country; and after the King has promised Ximena protection, and she, in several speeches aside, informed the audience that her love is at variance with her duty, all retire. Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

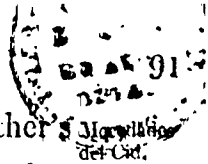
ACT II. SCENE II.

XIMENA'S *house.*

To Elvira enter Rodrigo. Rodrigo acknowledges to Elvira that he slew Lozano, and professes to have come to Ximena to offer to die in her presence.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II. Elvira hearing Ximena approach with Peranzules and others, insists on his concealing himself. Peranzules and attendants retire soon, and Ximena thinking herself alone, confesses, in the hearing of Rodrigo, her love for him to Elvira. He throws himself at her feet, and offers her his dagger to stab him: he relates with simplicity and feeling his cause of quarrel with her father, describes the conflict in his breast between honour and love, and ends by entreating her to revenge her father on him as he had his on Lozano.

She answers him with great emotion, that he acted with honour in fighting Lozano, but reproaches him with his want of delicacy in entering her house with the blood of her father yet fresh in his hands. She ascribes his audacity to his confidence in her love, and admits it to be too well founded: her honour she says will induce



her to do all she can to bring her father's murderer to justice, but she confesses her hopes that she may not be able to do much. They part in mutual despair. Act II.

DIEGO LAINEZ, *solo* *.

Dieg. No la ovejuela su pastor perdido
Ni el leon que sus hijos le han quitado,
Baló quejosa, ni bramó ofendido,
Como yo por Rodrigo (¡ay hijo amado!)

ACT II. SCENE III.

DIEGO *solus.*

Not more the lamb astray in unknown lands,
Bleats for its absent shepherd's fostering hands;
Not more the lion roaring through the wood,
Searches each thicket for his stolen brood,

---

* The whole of the above dialogue is in consonantes. The following scene, as the reader will perceive, is in the triplets, like those of the most original poem in the world—the divine comedy of Dante.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Voy abrazando sombras descompuesto
Entre la oscura noche que ha cerrado.
Dile la seña, y señaléle el puesto
Donde acudiese, en sucediendo el caso.
¿Si me habra sido inobediente en esto?
Pero no puede ser.: (¡mil penas paso!)
Algun inconveniente le habra hecho,
Mudando la opinion, torcer el paso.
¡Que helada sangre me rebienta el pecho!
¿Si es muerto, herido, ó preso? ¡Ay Cielo Santo!
Y quantas cosas de pesar sospecho!
¿Que siento? ¿es él?—más, no merezco tanto.
¿Será que corresponden a mis males

Than I for thee, Rodrigo!—how my sight
Greets for my son mere shadows of the night!
I gave the signal, mark'd th' appointed place,
My prudence left no unprovided case;
Has he neglected? can he disobey?
Ah, no! misfortune keeps my son away.
A chilling thought! For were Rodrigo slain,
Hurt, wounded, seized, this heart ne'er beats again.
What horrid fancies glance along my mind—
But, hark! I hear some footstep in the wind;

Los ecos de mi voz y de mi llanto?
Pero entre aquellos secos pedregales
Vuelvo a oir el galope de un caballo,
De él se apea Rodrigo; ¡hay dichas tales!
[*Sale Rodrigo.*

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

¡Hijo!

Cid. ¡Padre!

Dieg. ¿Es posible que me hallo
Entre tus brazos? Hijo, aliento tomo
Para en tus alabanzas empleallo.

I dare not think it,—'twere delight too near,
Sure my own echoed sighs deceiv'd my ear—
Yet,—there again, upon the flinty ground,
Strikes the swift hoof—I catch the welcome sound
'Tis he: I hear him from his horse alight,
It is, it is—Oh, pure, unmix'd delight!
My son?

Rodrigo. My father?

Diego. Can I trust my joy?
Do I, indeed, embrace my gallant boy?
Bear with me—let me but compose my thought,
And draw my breath, to praise you as I ought:
Oh! you have nobly prosper'd, nobly shown
A soul in great atchievements like my own.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

¿Como tardaste tanto? pues de plomo
Te puso mi deseo; y pues veniste,
No he de cansarte preguntando el como.
Bravamente probaste, bien lo hiciste,
Bien mis pasados brios imitaste,
Bien me pagaste el ser que me debiste.
Toca las blanca canas que me honraste:
Llega la tierna boca a la mexilla
Donde la mancha de mi honor quitaste.
Soberbia el alma a tu valor se humilla,

Nobly repaid what from these veins you drew;
Life you received from me, I more than life from you;
Touch then the locks you make with honour grey,
And press the cheek whose stain you clear'd away!
My haughty carriage into reverence sinks,
My pride before thy greater glory shrinks*;
Preserver of a noble house, from whence
Castile her glory draws, and monarchs their defence.

---

* Here I suppose Diego was intended to make an inclination to kiss his son's hand. No such direction is given in the play, but the sense of the passage, and of Rodrigo's answer, seems to require it.

Como conservador de la nobleza
Que ha honrado tantos Reyes en Castilla.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Cid. Dame la mano, y alza la cabeza,
A quien como la causa se atribuya
Si hay en mi algun valor y fortaleza.

Dieg. Con mas razon besara yo la tuya,
Pues si yo te di el ser naturalmente
Tu me le has vuelto a pura fuerza suya.
Mas sera no acabar eternamente
Si no doy a esta plática desvios:
Hijo, ya tengo prevenida gente.
Con quinientos hidalgos, deudos mios,

Rodrigo. Rise, rise, my lord! what strange demeanour's this?
'Tis mine to kneel, thy honour'd hand to kiss;
For what poor merit in this arm can be,
Must all, my father, be derived from thee.

Diego. Say rather I should kneel to reverence thine,
For sure your favours far outbalance mine;
I gave thee being, such as fathers give,
But thou by dint of worth hast made my soul revive.
Enough—

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Que cada qual tu gusto solicita,
Sal en campaña a exercitar tus brios.
Ve, pues la causa y la razon te incita,
Donde estan esperando en sus caballos,
Que el menos bueno a los del sol imita.
Buena ocasion tendras para empleallos,
Pues Moros fronterizos arrogantes
Al Rey le quitan tierras y vasallos:
Que ayer con melancólicos semblantes
El Consejo de Guerra y el de Estado

To paint my gratitude, my son commend,
Were an eternal theme, and one I ne'er could end.
Know, then, five hundred knights, a chosen band,
Chosen by me, await my son's command;
Each on his jennet, and the meanest there
Might with the coursers of the sun compare *,
Haste then, my son, occasion offers fair;
Our king is brav'd; the haughty Moorish bands
Invade his frontiers, and lay waste his lands.

---

* I had doubts if this word could be used as a neutral verb. But

Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare.

Pope. *Sappho to Phaon.*

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Lo supo por espias vigilantes.
Las fértiles campañas han talado
De Burgos, y pasando montes de Oca,
De Náxera, Logroño y Bilforado,
Con suerte mucha, y con verguenza poca,
Se llevan tanta gente aprisionada,
Que ofende al gusto, y el valor provoca.
Sal-les al paso, emprende esta jornada,
Y dando brio al corazon valiente
Pruebe la lanza quien probó la espada;
Y el Rey, sus Grandes, la plebeya gente,
No diran que la mano te ha servido

Last night the scouts arriv'd, the council sate,
Sad looks proclaim'd the subject of debate;
Our lawless foes through hilly Oca sped,
And o'er Naxera's spacious fields they spread;
With fire and sword they waste our fertile plain,
Fortune attends their march, and rapine swells their train.
To hear the captives made, the booty won,
Appals most hearts, and would provoke my son.
Haste on thy horse, attack the dangerous horde,
And be thy spear successful as thy sword;

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Para vengar agravios solamente.
Sirve en la guerra al Rey, que siempre ha sido
Digna satisfaccion de un caballero
Servir al Rey, á quien dexó ofendido.
Cid. Dame la bendicion.
Dieg. Hacerlo quiero.
Cid. Para esperar de mi obediencia palma
Tu mano beso, y a tus pies la espero.
Dieg. Tómala con la mano y con el alma.
[*Vanse.*

So shall the King, the court, the people own,
Thy arm not strong in private broils alone;
Go, serve thy King, thy country's battles fight,
'Tis in such wars that ev'ry gen'rous knight
Redeems lost favour in his sovereign's sight.
Rod. T' insure this triumph I thy blessing crave,
The happiest omen that a son can have.
Die. You have it—may it ev'ry good impart!
My hand but acts the wishes of my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Though the general character of the dialogue of Spanish plays is more accu-

rately, as well as more easily, preserved in rhyme, the beauties of the above scene are of a higher order. A translation in good blank verse would alone do them justice. The powers, however, of the translator, as well as the beauty of the original, must be taken into consideration. Mediocrity escapes in the disguise of rhyme the censure which she would unavoidably incur, if her poverty were exposed in the nakedness of blank verse *.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Scene discovers the Infanta Urraca in a balcony in a country house. She breaks out into a soliloquy on the beauties of the

* A literal translation in prose is to be found in the Appendix, and between it and my rhymes, the English reader may estimate the effect which this scene must produce if translated into verse worthy of the original thoughts.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

country and the pleasures of retirement, in which there are some natural sentiments and some far-fetched conceits. As there is an appearance that Guillen de Castro, in the topics of this speech, meant to produce a contrast to the busy and spirited scenes which preceded it, a few lines as a specimen of his talent for descriptive poetry may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Urraca. ¡Que bien el campo y el monte
Le parece a quien lo mira,
Hurtando el gusto al cuidado
Y dando el alma a la vista!
En los llanos, y en las cumbres
¡Que a concierto se divisan

How sweet the fields and forests to the eyes
Of those who know such calmer joys to prize,
Who let all cares be stolen by delight,
Their souls surrendering to the sense of sight!
Oh! sweet variety of hill and vale!
Here verdant buds, there dusky oaks prevail;

Aqui los pimpollos verdes
Y alli las pardas encinas.
Si acullá brama el leon,
Aqui la mansa avecilla
Parece que su braveza
Con sus cantares mitiga, &c. &c.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

What, though through woods the roaring lion rove,
How many harmless warblers of the grove
Blend with his rage the tenderer notes of love.
&c. &c.

She continues for some time in a similar strain, till, in contrasting the occupations of a court with a country life, which her mother, the Queen, had chosen, her thoughts are led to the quarrel of Lozano and Diego, and the suit of Ximena against Rodrigo. While expressing her anxiety for his safety, she is interrupted by the appearance of cavalry. Rodrigo, their captain, alights from his horse, and informs her, in a dialogue of great gal-

Mocedadés del Cid. Act II.

lantry, that he owes his safety to her interference. He then intreats her blessing for his undertaking against the Moors, but contrives with great respect and address to prevent her from expressing yet tenderer sentiments, which she seems above once upon the point of declaring.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE V.

The next scene opens with a shepherd flying before the Moors. The Moorish King enters, giving directions about the prisoners he had taken, and boasting that he is inferior to no one but Mahomet. In the mean while the shepherd has escaped the pursuit of his followers, and from the top of a rock, where they cannot reach him, descries the approach of the Christians, and afterwards the battle and defeat of the Moors, whom he insults with the same

epithets that Tom Thumb gives to the gigantic prisoners in the court-yard Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Rodrigo enters. The Moorish King surrenders with his followers; but the hero of the piece informs the audience that he must take two more Moorish kings prisoners before the day is over. The shepherd makes a remark on the event, and they all return.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Sancho enters with a fencing master, and followed by Diego Lainez, who, perceiving that the Prince is seriously incensed, makes the fencing master withdraw. The Prince Sancho acknowledges his wish to fence with his master in earnest, from indignation at his supposed superiority, and from his per-

The monstrous ugly barbarous sons of whores.
Tom Thumb.

Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

suasion that he is to be murdered by a spear and not by a sword; a persuasion founded on a prophecy, and productive, in his mind, of an aversion to his brothers and sisters, for he infers from it that they will be his assassins. While Diego is combating his apprehensions and belief in astrology, Doña Urraca enters. She is accompanied by a page, and bears a hunting spear in her hand stained with the blood of a boar. This circumstance confirms Sancho's apprehension. Altercations between him and his sister ensue, in which his superstitious character is displayed, and his violence with difficulty restrained.

To them enter King Fernando and the captive Moorish King. The former compliments Diego on his son's victory, and the latter relates the wonders of it. When Rodrigo himself appears, the generous prisoner takes his hand and addresses him by

the name of *Mio Cide*. Sancho asks the meaning of the word, and having learnt that it is Arabic for my Lord or mi Señor, King Fernando confers it as a permanent title on Rodrigo. Mocedades del Cid. Act II.

Ximena enters in mourning, with four knights in mourning also. She pleads her cause against Rodrigo in a speech from the ninth romance. Some of the original expressions, and even lines, are preserved, though Guillen de Castro has made many judicious alterations and additions.

The King, after some ambiguous phrases of further intentions, agrees to banish the Cid for his murder of Lozano, but embraces him on taking leave for his prowess against the common enemy. Urraca observes the interchange of affectionate regards between Ximena and the Cid, and on going out expresses her jealousy, as Prince Sancho and the rest do their admiration for Rodrigo.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

Urraca confides to Arias Gonzalo her distresses arising from the death of her mother, the age of her father, and the aversion of her brother, who is to inherit the kingdom. Arias suggests marriage with a foreign prince, which she, from her love of Castile, rejects, but acknowledges she had entertained thoughts of Rodrigo, till she discovered his affection for Ximena. In spite of her pretended prosecution of him, she knows his passion to be returned by that lady.

To them the King Fernando and Diego. Urraca being assured by her father that he has states which he holds by conquest as well as by succession, leaves the stage. The King declares his intention of deciding his right to Calahorra by single combat,

and he chuses the Cid for his champion. A servant announces Ximena, and the King says she has the insolence and impatience of her father Lozano, and is always persecuting him with her remonstrances. This remark gives Arias an opportunity of disclosing the information he had derived from Urraca, viz. that Ximena is in love with Rodrigo. He suggests a marriage between them as the best method of silencing her complaints. Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

Arias and the King contrive a plan to discover the truth of this report of her love for the Cid, and after directions have been given in whispers to the attendants, Ximena enters and repeats almost verbatim the Romances in which the circumstance of shooting the doves, and the imprecation against an unjust King, are preserved. Diego combats the truth of the aspersion against the Cid of having killed Ximena's

Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

doves, by saying, that he is performing a pilgrimage to Santiago. A servant, according to the secret injunctions of Arias, announces the melancholy news that the Cid has been slain in the road to the shrine of Santiago. Diego, who is in the secret, affects the greatest distress; but Ximena, who does not doubt the truth of the report, turns pale and faints at the intelligence. The King acknowledges the stratagem and the object of it. Ximena endeavours to deny the inference drawn from her affliction, by proposing to give both her person and her property to any nobleman, and half her property to any person of inferior birth who shall bring her the head of Rodrigo. The King, from a persuasion of the invincible qualities of the Cid, offers to proclaim the conditions.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The CID; *two* SOLDIERS; *the* SHEPHERD *as a Servant; and a Leper, who thrusts his arms and body full of sores from behind the scenes.*

After some idle dialogue and preparations for dinner, in which the shepherd is the gracioso, the Cid hears the groans of a leprous beggar. His servant and soldiers, from fear of infection, and from disgust at his appearance, refuse to assist him out of a quagmire into which he has fallen, but the Cid stretches out his arm, kisses his hand, covers him with his garment, washes his wounds, and sits down to dine with him. He begins to suspect some mystery, when the leper addresses him by name, and he is rewarded for his charity by the sudden conversion of the leper into St. Lazarus, who foretels his future glories, Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

and announces the approach of the King, The King, Diego, and Peranzules appear. A single combat is to decide the fate of Calahorra, and the Arragonese giant, Don Martin (another Rodomonte, Alcides, or Atlas) insolently defies the Castilian knights, and claims the disputed territory. The Cid steps forth, and notwithstanding the disparity of strength, and the menaces of his gigantic antagonist, accepts the challenge.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

XIMENA *and her sister* ELVIRA.

While Ximena is dreading the event of the single combat, a letter reaches her, signed Don Martin, claiming her person and property, and announcing his arrival with the head of her father's murderer. She is overwhelmed with grief, and leaves

the stage, acknowledging that she adores the shade of her enemy, and laments the man she had killed. Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE IV.

The King and his three courtiers consult upon the succession of his states. To them the Prince enters, and receives the notice of his father's intention of dividing his kingdom with a mixture of grief and disdain. The King threatens him with his curses.

Ximena in a bridal dress affects to rejoice in the supposed death of the Cid, but, upon hearing it confirmed, she acknowledges her love, and entreats the King to allow her to surrender her property, but refuse the hand of Don Martin. The words have scarcely passed her lips when

Mocedades del Cid. Act III.

the Cid appears, recounts his victory, and solicits the hand of Ximena in marriage. The King grants his petition; and Ximena, with affected reluctance, consents, observing, that she obeys the commands of Heaven.

Comparison between the Mocedades and the Cid of Corneille.

In the above scenes several grotesque and even disgusting incidents are retained, which the more correct judgment of Corneille entirely rejected. But yet Guillen de Castro has not unfrequently deviated from the common traditions. Where he has added any circumstance, he has evinced considerable knowledge of dramatic effect, and heightened the interest both of the story and the characters. Thus the mutual passion of Ximena and the Cid, previous to the quarrel between their two fathers, a

circumstance which constitutes the chief beauty of the plot, seems originally his invention. In Corneille, the Cid's father knows and approves of his attachment to Ximena, and even proposes to the Count an alliance between the two families in the very scene which terminates in their fatal and irreconcileable enmity. This previous knowledge of the conflict between love and duty to which he must expose his son, produces some fine lines in the course of the French * play, but does not exhibit the father in a very amiable light. Perhaps it weakens, in some small degree, the romantic character of the Cid's passion for Ximena.

Corneille, who was founding a theatre, and enforcing by his own practice those rules which his reason and learning judged

* " Nous n'avons qu'un honneur, il est tant de maitresses."

requisite for the stage, reduced the events of the story within the compass of twenty-four hours. This rendered the rejection of much extraneous matter obviously necessary and comparatively easy. In his endeavours to observe the unity of time he was naturally led to preserve the more important unity of action, which his predecessor had openly violated, or to speak more correctly, had neither acknowledged nor understood. The observance, however, of those rules has, in this, as in many other instances, not only disfigured historical truth, but heightened the improbability of some of the events. The blow, the duel, the prosecution, concealment, and flight of the Cid, the victory over the Moors, and the subsequent appointment of a legal combat between the hero and that insipid and uninteresting personage, Don Sancho, are all crowded together in a

manner as revolting to probability, as unauthorized by history or tradition.

The severe laws to which the French author voluntarily subjected himself, created another difficulty. In the original play, the grief of Ximena might be supposed to subside by time; her love and admiration of the Cid are naturally heightened by a long series of brilliant exploits, and by repeated proofs of uninterrupted devotion and attachment to her. In Corneille's conception of a dramatic representation, twenty-four hours only could be allotted from the death of her father to the forgiveness of his murderer. This defect was severely arraigned by Scudery and that rabble of critics who gratified Cardinal Richlieu by clamouring against the first dramatic genius of their country. Base motives generally produce exaggeration, and the censure of these writers is

often extravagant. But Corneille has himself indirectly and involuntarily pleaded guilty to the validity of the charge. He evidently felt that Ximena's compliance with the suit of Rodrigo, while the body of her father lay mangled in her house, would have been disgusting and unnatural. He accordingly endeavoured to save her delicacy by postponing her nuptials for a year, and founding them on the order of the King rather than the acquiescence of the lady. This contrivance softens the impropriety, but does it remove it? The event is surely too recent for Ximena to contemplate such a termination of the transaction with any propriety of feeling, or even with much consistency of character. Let it, however, be recollected that such defects, though not found in the original play, result from subsequent refinements, and in the judgment of most

critics, are more than counterbalanced by the advantages of the very alterations which have made them unavoidable.

One deviation from the original is not so easily accounted for. The scene of the Spanish play lies in Burgos and Old Castile, where the actions it represents were really performed. Corneille has, without any apparent motive, transported them and the court of Castile to Seville, a city not rescued from the Moors till a full century after the death of the hero of the tragedy. Such anachronisms affect not the interest of the plot, the justness of the sentiments, or the consistency of the characters. They are frequent in our early tragedies, where they neither excite nor deserve the attention of judicious critics. As far as they diminish the probability of the story, and offend the recollections of a well-informed audience, they are blemishes; but as they

Anachronism in Corneille's play.

neither impair the beauty of the design, nor deaden the effect of the execution, they can, in no degree, detract from the character of a poet. Such is not, however, the judgment of French critics. Violations of historical truth, however slight, generally provoke very severe animadversions from them. It is strange, therefore, that the circumstance above alluded to should have escaped the notice of the numerous commentators on the Cid, till it was remarked by Mr. Sismondi in his late interesting work on the literature of the south of Europe.

Omission of a character.

The omission of the historical character of Prince Sancho, afterwards King Sancho el bravo, was more judicious. He was in no way necessary to the plot, and tended to divert the attention of the audience from the main action of the play. In Spain, however, this personage possibly gave an air of

truth to the representation, for the events of that Prince's life, and the peculiarities of his character, are intimately interwoven in the traditional songs and history of the country with the adventures of the Cid.

Corneille's judgment.

In excluding from his composition the absurd incidents which disfigure the fifth act of the Spanish play, Corneille affords a stronger proof of superior judgment than a modern reader might at first sight suppose. The improvements which men of a vigorous understanding introduce in any art often become established maxims, and appear to those who succeed them so obvious, that little commendation is allowed to the inventors; but the ease with which the course is afterwards pursued cannot detract from the merit of those who first discovered the track. Any writer of our own day who were to imitate or revive an old play, would reject such extravagant and dis-

gusting incidents; but he would reject them on principles, now universally recognized, which, if not of Corneille's creation, were never practised or enforced on any modern theatre till he appeared. Directly, or indirectly from him, every theatre in Europe has now adopted them.

Indeed the omission of such incidents as were either inconsistent with the dignity and propriety of representation, or unnecessary to the main action of his play, constitutes the chief merit of Corneille in his celebrated tragedy. In some instances, by a slight variation of the circumstances, he has entirely removed the extravagance of the original, and yet preserved both the spirit of the story, and the opportunity afforded by the situation, for displaying the character of his personages. A comparison of the fifth scene of the first act of the Cid with the second scene of the first

Strong instance of Corneille's judgment.

act in the above abstract, will afford a striking and singular instance of the judgment and taste of Corneille. A common imitator, one of the servile herd, would have been appalled at the absurd and ridiculous incident by which the impetuous and high-spirited character of the Cid is discovered by his father. He might have felt the beauties of the passage in which the old man exults in the discovery, but he would most probably have despaired of introducing any thing which was, in the original play, the result of an old man biting the fingers of his son. Not so Corneille—he divested the trial to which Diego exposes the young hero of all the ridiculous circumstances belonging to it, and yet contrived to borrow from the original the notion of a provocation from the father to the son, and the inference of courage which the former naturally draws from an

impatient and intemperate reply of the latter.

Rodrigue, as tu du cœur?
(*Cid*). Tout autre que mon pere
L'eprouveroit sur l'heure.

Jealousy of reproach is a nobler motive for the Cid's indignation than mere impatience at bodily pain; and the doubt of his courage, hastily implied by his father's question, is more natural than a determination to try his fortitude by the miserable contrivance of biting his fingers. Yet Corneille's scene and dialogue are manifestly borrowed from the Spanish., The whole range of literary history does not afford an instance of imitation so close, and improvement so happy. The passions delineated are the same, the characters of the personages and of the situations are similar, and yet the incidents by

which they are produced have lost all their improbability, and kept all their spirit and effect.

Guillen de Castro equal in some passages.

It is but just to Guillen de Castro to add, that Diego's delight at the high spirit of his son, though not so happily excited, is at least as forcibly and as poetically represented in the Spanish as in the French scene. The quarrel too between the Count and Diego is more naturally conducted and more animated in Guillen de Castro than in Corneille. The lines in which the vigorous and insolent Lozano magnifies the manliness of his daily diversions, the lances he breaks, and the horses he tires, give a more lively picture of the advantages of youth than the well-reasoned speeches and refined sarcasms of the Count in the third scene of the French tragedy.

In one scene superior to his imitator.

There is one other situation in which the Spanish author has yet more decidedly

the advantage over his imitator, viz. the first interview between Diego and the Cid, after the latter has avenged his insult, and obeyed his injunctions by slaying the Count. There is more parental fondness and natural anxiety in Diego's soliloquy, more passionate delight at the first approach of his son, and more dignified exultation at the vindication of his honour and the hereditary prowess of his family than is usually to be found in Spanish plays. The simple and poetical diction, the sweetness of the numbers, and the tenderness of the sentiments, render the scene worthy of our Otway, and not unlike the best passages of his works. The English poet, however, though he bears a strong resemblance to Guillen de Castro, in the extravagance and incoherence of many of his dramatic incidents, and a yet stronger in the pathetic character of his language and sen-

Guillen de Castro and Otway.

timents, as well as in a certain sweetness both of style and versification, which it is equally difficult to describe or to overlook, did not acquire these qualities from a familiarity with the Spanish stage. He was a man of little reading, and, there is reason to believe, utterly unacquainted with the Spanish and Italian languages.

To return to the French and Spanish plays, there is, perhaps, more real poetry in the scene I have alluded to, than in any passage of either, and in none certainly is Guillen de Castro so manifestly superior to Corneille. Unless, however, my partiality misleads me, he will seldom suffer by a comparison of the corresponding passages, or even scenes of the respective compositions. This is no slight commendation. In the management and credibility of his plot, in the uniform propriety of the sentiments, and in the general elevation of

style, he must indeed yield to his successor. These were the qualities which enabled the great French writer to found the theatre of his own country, and to reform, or at least to alter, the practice of every other. They are merits in which he surpassed not Guillen de Castro only, but all who had written plays since the revival of learning; though among them are men of fancy, genius, and invention, far superior either to himself or his Spanish original.

Corneille superior in judgment.

Had Corneille written nothing but the Cid, he would not have excelled, perhaps he would scarcely have equalled, Guillen de Castro as a poet; but he would have shewn in that single piece more powers of reasoning, and more accuracy of taste and judgment than are to be found in the poetry which he imitated and rivalled. It is said that * he adapted this play to the French

* Voltaire's preface to the Cid.

stage at the suggestion of Chalons, a secretary of Mary of Medicis, who had retired to Rouen. The selection was fortunate. Other works of Guillen de Castro have brilliant passages, but none afforded such materials for a good play.

Second part of Mocedades del Cid.

The second part of the exploits of the Cid is derived from the same sources, the popular ballads of the country. There are few passages in it which rise above mediocrity. It excites little interest, and abounds in improbable and unconnected events. The two first acts relate chiefly to the siege of Zamora and the death of Sancho el Bravo, King of Castile, who was murdered by Bellido de Olfos, with a hunting spear, near the walls of Zamora. Some circumstances attending the assassination were so indelicate, that judicious historians have suppressed them, from a persuasion that they would weaken the impression on

their readers, and disfigure their narration. But Guillen de Castro, in representing a tragical event, ventured to retain those particulars *, which history, more scrupulous, had disdained to recount. The notions of decorum in Spain differ from those of other countries. The stage which rejects many liberties deemed harmless elsewhere, as gross improprieties, admits of indelicacies both in expression and representation, at which French or English spectators would shudder. It is, however, difficult to suppose that any audience would tolerate such a situation as that which facilitates the assassination of Sancho. Indeed, though this play, as well as the first part of the Mocedades del Cid, have been

* For the passage which I dare not translate, vide Appendix, No. 6. The reader will also find there a strange instance of Spanish delicacy, which illustrates the truth of a remark in the text.

frequently reprinted; they are neither of them in actual possession of the stage. The second part is probably never acted, and I am much mistaken if a modern and bald translation of Corneille's Cid has not supplanted, on the Madrid theatre, the original of their national poet.

Other plays of Guillen de Castro.

With respect to the other plays of Guillen de Castro, though Nicolas Antonio mentions two editions of his works, both in two volumes, and both printed at Valencia in 1621 and 1625, I have never been able to procure a sight of either; and there is not to be found in any Spanish collection or writer a correct and authentic catalogue of his dramatic compositions. Of those, to which either in the slovenly collections of the seventeenth century, or in the yet more slovenly publications sold in loose sheets, his name is

prefixed, the reader will find a list in the Appendix *.

General character of Guillen de Castro's plays.

They are not altogether devoid of merit, the diction is generally pure, the versification harmonious, and the preservation of character not entirely neglected. His plots must be acknowledged to be ill-connected, disgusting, and extravagant. In no instance but that of the Cid does he seem to have been fortunate in the selection of a story; and on no occasion is he at the slightest pains to soften the absurdity, or retrench the redundancies of any incident which he has borrowed from history, tradition, or romance. Thus, in the *Maravillas de Babilonia*, which is founded on the story of Nebuchadnezzar; no circumstance of the degradation of that prince is spared, or even entrusted to the mere narration of

Maravillas de Babilonia.

* No. 7.

any of the characters. He is brought with his horns and cloven feet before the audience, and made to graze and chew the cud upon the stage.

The subjects of his plays are not always historical. When they are purely fictitious, the scene is laid in some remote part of Christendom, with which his audience was supposed to be little familiar. Thus, in the *Caballero Bobo* we meet with an English Prince Henry, who, from his personal resemblance to the heir of Hungary, is murdered by mistake, and whose death is avenged by the English embassador at the head of an invading army of our countrymen. Hungary seems to be the spot chosen in preference to all others for his dramatic inventions. In the play above mentioned, a story similar to that of Cymon and Iphigenia, and a great variety of other adventures borrowed from ro- Caballero Bobo.

mance, are transported thither, and the less complicated intrigue which forms the plot of *El Amor Constante*, is also laid in the same kingdom. The events, however, of that play are far from being natural. Unnecessary murders, exposures of dead bodies, and strange and forced situations occur. It is chiefly entitled to some distinction among his works, from the beautiful versification of some of the passages, and the pathetic tenderness of the dialogues between Nicida and Zelauro, who having been separated for fifteen years after a clandestine marriage, meet to recount their respective adventures, and to experience yet greater misfortunes at the court of the King, who is the brother of Zelauro, and suddenly and violently enamoured of Nicida.

El Amor Constante.

La Piedad en la Justicia, the scene of which is also in Hungary, is a very pitiful

La Piedad en la Justicia.

performance. There is indeed some little attempt to preserve the consistency of the characters, but atrocious and unprovoked crimes form the basis of the plot, and the dialogue is less easy, and the language more prosaic, than in the other specimens which I have read of Guillen de Castro's compositions.

Of these there only remains a play, which has for its title a Spanish proverb, *Allá van leyes donde quieren Reyes*, laws will twist where monarchs list. The scene lies in Portugal, and the story is taken from the history, or rather the traditions of that country. The dialogue is lively, and the language occasionally poetical, but it is disfigured with the usual defects of a revolting and improbable plot, and forms no exception to the general character of the author's works.

Allá van leyes donde quieren Reyes.

I have never had an opportunity of con-

sulting the two plays on the story of Don Quixote, but I once saw them with the name of Don Guillen de Castro prefixed in a collection. Corneille quotes in his preface to the Cid, a passage of more antithesis * than poetry from a play called *Enganarse Engañando*, which he ascribes to Guillen de Castro.

On the whole, the beauties of the first part of the Cid, and the celebrity of that imitation which preserved them, are the only circumstances which can now excite curiosity about this author. He attracted so little notice, that even this imperfect account of him and his works may have the merit of novelty with foreign as well as English readers.

The learned Andres asserts that the best production of the Spanish stage is, after all, the French theatre. If there is as much

* It is so incorrectly printed in Corneille's works, that it is difficult to make sense of it.

truth as point in the observation, Guillen de Castro, from whom the first popular tragedy of that theatre was immediately borrowed, is entitled to some consideration, for he can with great propriety claim a less disputable, if not a larger, share than any of his countrymen in the dramatic treasures of their more celebrated neighbours.

Guillen de Castro's merits.

La Huerta, in his zeal against Corneille and the French stage, has termed Guillen de Castro a writer of the second or third class. He has unquestionably less fertility of invention and variety of talent than Lope de Vega, and less wit, ingenuity, and eloquence than Calderon de la Barca. Yet neither of those authors have, in any one work, combined natural sentiments and poetical language with truly tragical situations so successfully as Guillen de Castro in the Mocedades del Cid. If the interest of his story, and the genius

of his imitator, must be attributed to good fortune rather than to merit, let us not, however, deny him all praise in the execution of his task.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Don Nicolas Antonio, in his excellent Dictionary, under the article of Lope de Vega, p. 70, 71, of Bayer's edition, gives the contents of twenty-five volumes of our author's plays; which, he says, were printed originally at Madrid, between the years 1611 and 1630. He adds, that several of these volumes were separately reprinted in the provincial towns of Spain. It is, however, very difficult at present to complete the twenty-five volumes, even with the assistance of such provincial copies; and

Don Nicolas Antonio, who wrote in 1684, seems to acknowledge that he never had seen the genuine Madrid edition complete. I have in my possession two small volumes, containing the same plays as the two first of the abovementioned edition, and printed at Antwerp in 1609. In the license to the printer, these volumes are stated to be exact copies of two printed at Valladolid, in 1607; which proves that part at least of the Madrid edition was merely a republication of plays already collected. To these twenty volumes in small quarto, others perhaps were added after the death of Lope*: but the Antwerp vo-

* I have four volumes of his plays apparently intended as a sequel to this Madrid edition, as they each contain the same number of plays, and the type does

lumes are the only instances of any other attempt to collect his dramatic works in an uniform publication. Many of his plays were printed and sold at the door of the theatre soon after their representation, and in the same slovenly manner the most popular have frequently been reprinted. An edition on coarse paper is coming out in numbers, at Madrid; but no pains are taken to correct the text, to ascertain the authenticity or date of the plays, or to procure copies and manuscripts of those that are become rare.

The other works of Lope were printed separately during his lifetime, and many have been frequently reprinted.

not materially differ from the edition of 1615; but the title-page of every one is either torn out or defaced.

A reference to Don Nicolas Antonio will satisfy the reader of the number and frequency of these editions. At length his poetical works were collected and published by Sancha, at Madrid, 1776. Had that work met with success, the same editor had engaged to publish his dramatic works.

The reader will find annexed to this note the contents of the twenty-five volumes of plays mentioned by Don Nicolas Antonio, the table of contents of Sancha's edition of his poetical works, and a list of those of his plays which are still extant.

COMEDIAS

DE

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO:

Viginti quinque tomis, quorum singuli duodecim continent. Matriti omnes prodierunt, indeque aliis in locis.

I. Los Donayres de Matico. Carlos el perseguido. El Cerco de Santa Fée. Vida y Muerte de Wamba. La Traicion bien acertada. El Hijo de Reduan. Nacimiento de Urson y Valentin. El Casamiento en la Muerte y Hechos de Bernardo del Carpio. La Escolastica zelosa. La Amistad pagada. La Comedia del Molino. El Testimonio vengado: con doce Entremeses. ——Valentiæ priùs, deinde Pinciæ apud Joannem de Bustillos 1609, in 4to.

II. La Fuerza lastimosa. La Occasion perdida. El

Gallardo Catalan. El Mayorazgo dudoso. La Condesa Matilde. Los Benavides. Los Comendadores de Cordova. La Bella malmaridada. Los tres Diamantes. La Quinta de Florencia. El Padrino desposado. Las Ferias de Madrid. ——Matriti 1609, apud Alphonsum Martinum, et 1618, Barcinone 1611.

III. Los Hijos de la Barbuda. La adversa Fortuna del Cavallero del Espiritu Santo. El Espejo del Mundo. La Noche Toledana. La Tragedia de Doña Ines de Castro. Las Mudanzas de Fortuna y Sucesos de D. Beltran de Aragon. La Privanza y Caida de D. Alvaro de Luna. La prospera Fortuna del Cavallero del Espiritu Santo. El Esclavo del Demonio. La prospera Fortuna de Ruy Lopez Davalos. La adversa Fortuna de Ruy Lopez Davalos. Vida y Muerte del Santo Negro llamado Fr. Benedicto de Palermo: con tres Entremeses.—— Matriti, apud Michaelem Serrano, 1613, 4to Barcinone, 1614.

IV. Laura Perseguida. Nuevo Mundo de Colon. El Asalto de Mastrique por el Principe de Parma. Peribañez y el Comendador de Ocaña. El Ginoves liberal. Los Torneos de Aragon. La Boda entre dos Maridos. El Amigo por Fuerza. El Galan Castrucho. Los Embustes

de Celauro. La Fée rompida. El Tirano castigado.——Matriti, apud Michaelem Serrano, 1614. Pampeloneque eodem anno.

V. Exemplo de Casadas, y Prueba de la Paciencia. Las Desgracias del Rey D. Alonso. Los siete Infantes de Lará. El Bastardo de Ceuta. La Venganza honrosa. Hermosura de Rachel: primera y segunda Parte. El Premio de las Letras por el Rey D. Felipe. La Guarda cuidadosa. El Loco Cuerdo. La Rueda de la Fortuna. La Enemiga favorable.——Matriti, 1615, 4to.

VI. La Batalla del Honor. La Obediencia laureada, y primer Carlos de Ungria. El Hombre de bien. El servir con mala Estrella. El Cuerdo en su Casa. La Reyna Juana de Napoles. El Duque de Viseo. El Secretario de si mismo. El llegar en Ocasion. El Testigo contra si. El Marmol de Felisardo. El mejor Maestro el Tiempo.——Ibidem, 1615, apud Alphonsum Martinum.

VII. El Villano en su Rincon. El Castigo del Discreto. Las Pobrezas de Reinaldos. El gran Duque de Moscovia. Las Paces de los Reyes, y Judia de Toledo. Los Porceles de Murcia. La Hermosura aborrecida. El primer Fajardo. La Viuda Casada y Donçella. El Principe

despeñado. La Serrana de la Vera. S. Isidro de Madrid.——Ibidem, 1617, apud eumdem.

VIII. Despertar á quien duerme. El Anzuelo de Fenisa. Los Locos por el Cielo. El mas galan Portugues, Duque de Berganza. El Argel fingido, y Renegado de Amor. El postrer Godo de España. La Prision sin culpa. El Esclavo de Roma. La Imperial de Othon. El Niño innocente de la Guardia.——Ibidem, apud eumdem eodem anno.

IX. La Prueba de los ingenios. La Donzella Theodora. El Hamete de Toledo. El Ausente en el Lugar. La Niña de Plata. El Animal de Ungria. Del mal lo menos. La hermosa Alfreda. Los Ponces de Barcelona. La Dama boba. Los Melindres de Belisa. ——Ibidem, apud eumdem, eodem anno 1617.

X. El Galan de la Membrilla. La Venganza venturosa. D. Lope de Cardona. La Humildad y la Sobervia. El Amante agradecido. Los Guanches de Tenerife, y Conquista de Canaria. La otava Maravilla. El sembrar en buena Tierra. Los Chaves de Villalva. Juan de Dios y Anton Martin. La Burgalesa de Lerma. El Poder vencido, y Amor premiado.——1618, apud eumdem.

XI. El Perro del Hortelano. El Azero de Madrid. Las dos Estrellas, Trocadas y Ramilletes, de

Madrid. Obras son Amores. Servir á Señor discreto. El Principe perfeto. El Amigo hasta la Muerte. La Locura por la Honra El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi. El Arenal de Sevilla. La Fortuna merecida. La Tragedia del Rey D. Sebastian, y Bautismo del Principe de Marruecos.——Ibidem, apud eumdem, anno 1618.

XII. Ello dira. La Sortija del Olvido. Los Enemigos en casa. La Cortesia de España. Al pasar del Arroyo. Los Hidalgos de la Aldea. El Marques de Mantua. Las Flores de D. Juan, y rico y pobre trocados. Lo que hay que fiar del Mundo. La Firmeza en la Desdicha. La Desdichada Estéfania. Fuenteovejuna.—— Ibidem, in eadem officina, 1619.

XIII. La Arcadia. El Halcon de Federico. El Remedio en la Desdicha. Los Esclavos libres. El Desconfiado. El Cardenal de Belen. El Alcalde mayor. Los Locos de Valencia. Santiago el Verde. La Francesilla. El Desposorio encubierto. Los Españoles en Flandes. ——Ibidem, iisdem typis, 1620.

XIV. Los Amantes sin Amor. La Villana de Getafe. La Gallarda Toledana. La Corona merecida. La Viuda Valenciana. El Cavallero de Illescas. Pedro Carbonero. El verdadero Amante. Las Almenas de Toro. El

Bobo del Colegio. El Cuerdo loco. La Ingratitud vengada.——Ibidem, apud Joannem Cuesta, 1620.

XV. La mal Casada. Querer la propria Desdicha. La Vengadora de las Mugeres. El Cavallero del Sacramento. La Santa Liga. El Favor agradecido. La Hermosa Esther. El leal Criado. La buena Guarda. Historia de Tobias. El Ingrato arrepentido. El Cavallero del Milagro.——Ibidem, apud Ferdinandum Correa, 1621.

XVI. El Premio de la Hermosura. Adonis y Venus. Los Prados de Leon. Mirad á quien alabais. Las Mugeres sin Hombres. La Fabula de Perseo. El Laberinto de Creta. La Serrana de Tormes. Las Grandezas de Alexandro. La Felisarda. La inocente Laura. Lo Fingido Verdadero.——Apud Alphonsum Martinum, anno 1622.

XVII. Con su Pan se lo coma. Quien mas no puede. El Soldado amante. Muertos vivos. El primer Rey de Castilla. El Domine Lucas. Lucinda perseguida. El Ruiseñor de Sevilla. El Sol parado. La Madre de la Mejor. Jorge Toledano. El Hidalgo Abencerrage.——Iisdem typis, 1621.

XVIII. Segunda Parte del Principe perfeto. La Pobreza estimada. El divino Africano. La

Pastoral de Jacinto. El honrado Hermano. El Capellan de la Virgen. La Pietad executada. Las famosas Asturianas. La Campana de Aragon. El Rustico del Cielo. El Valor de las Mugeres.——Ibidem, apud Joannem Gonzalez, anno 1623.

XIX. De Cosario á Cosario. Amor secreto hasta Zelos. La inocente Sangre. El Serafin humano. El Hijo de los Leones. El Conde Fernan Gonzalez. D. Juan de Castro, primera y segunda parte. La Limpieza no manchada. El Vellocino de Oro. La Mocedad de Roldan. Carlos V. en Francia.——Ibidem, in eadem officina, 1623.

XX. La discreta Venganza. Lo Cierto por lo Dudoso. Pobreza no es Vileza. Arauco domado. La Ventura sin Buscalla. El valiente Cespedes. El Hombre por su Palabra. Roma abrasada. Virtud, Pobreza y Muger. El Rey sin Reyno. El mejor Mozo de España. El Marido mas firme.——Ibidem, apud viduam Alphonsi Martini, 1625.

XXI. La bella Aurora. Ay Verdades que en Amor. La Boba para los otros, y Discreta para si. La Noche de S. Juan. El Castigo sin Venganza. Los Bandos de Sena. El mejor Alcalde el Rey. El Premio del bien hablar. La Vitoria de la Honra. El Piadoso Aragones. Los Tellos

de Meneses. Por la Puente Juana.——Post-huma prodiit hæc pars 1635, apud viduam Alphonsi Martini.

XXII. Quien todo lo quiere. No son todos ruiseñores. Amar, Servir, y Esperar. Vida de S. Pedro Nolasco. La primera Informacion. Nadie se conoce. La mayor Vitoria. Amar sin saber á quien. Amor, Pleyto, y Desafio. El Labrador Venturoso. Los Trabajos de Jacob. La Carbonera.——Matriti, ut superiores, apud viduam Joanis Gonzalez, anno 1635, in 4to.

XXIII. Contra Valor no hay Desdicha. Las Batuecas del Duque de Alva. Las Quentas del Gran Capitan. El piadoso Veneciano. Porfiar hasta Morir. El Robo de Dina. El saber puede dañar. La Embidia de la Nobleza. Los Pleytos de Ingalaterra. Los Palacios de Galiana. Dios hace Reyes. El saber por no saber y Vida de S. Julian de Alcala de Henares. Has collegit Emmanuel de Faria et Sousa, et excudit Maria de Quiñones, Matriti, 1638, in 4to.

XXIV. El Palacio confuso. El Ingrato. La Tragedia por los Zelos. El Labrador venturoso. La primer Culpa del Hombre. La despreciada querida. La Industria contre el Poder y el Honor contra la Fuerza. La Porfia hasta el Temor.

El Juez de su misma Causa. La Cruz en la Sepultura. El Honrado con su Sangre. El Hijo sin Padre.——Hæc Matriti edita fuit; sed et alia, hoc sub ipso titulo, XXIV. partis, Cæsar-augustæ lucem vidit apud Didacum Dormer, 1632, has Comœdias continens:—La Ley executada. Selvas y Bosques de Amor. Examen de Maridos. El que Diran. La Honra por la Muger. El Amor bandolero. La mayor Desgracia del Emperador Carlos V. y Hechizera de Argel. Veer y no creer. Dineros son Calidad. De quando acá nos Vino. Amor, Pleyto, y Desafio. La mayor Vitoria.

XXV. La Esclava de su Galan. El Desprecio agradecido. Aventuras de D. Juan de Alarcos. El mayor Imposible. La Vitoria del Marques de Santa Cruz. Los Cautivos de Argel. Castelvies y Monteses. De lo que ha de ser. El ultimo Godo. La Necedad del Discreto. El Juez en su Causa. Los Embustes de Fabia. Cæsar-augustæ, apud viduam Petri Verjes, 1647, in 4to.

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La Lista Alphabetica de los Elogiadores va puesta al Fin de dicho Tomo, y tambien van insertos en el Indice Alphabetico general de los Elogiadores á Lope.

LIST OF PLAYS
OF
LOPE DE VEGA
STILL EXTANT.

THE following list is extracted from La Huerta's catalogue of Spanish plays; and though some are ascribed to Lope on very slight authority, and two or three reckoned twice over, under different names, it is on the whole tolerably correct. I have marked those which I have read, with asterisks. The greater part of them are very rare; and it was not without considerable difficulty that I collected at Madrid about a third of the number here enumerated:

Acertar errando.
Adonis y Venus.

Adversa Fortuna del Infante Don Fernando de Portugal.
Adversa Fortuna de Don Bernardo de Cabrera.
Adversa Fortuna del Caballero del Espiritu Santo.
Adversa Fortuna de Ruy Lopez Davalos.
Al pasar del Arroyo.
Alcalde (el) mayor.
Alcalde (el) de Zalaméa.
Allá daras Rayo.
Almenas (las) de Toro.
Amante (el) agradecido.
Amantes (los) sin Amor.
Amar sin saber á quién.
Amar como se ha de amar.
Amar por Burla.
Amar, Servir, y Esperar.
Amete (el) de Toledo.
Amistad y Obligacion.
Amistad (la) pagada.
Amigo (el) por Fuerza.
Amigo (el) hasta la Muerte.
Amigos (los) enojados.
Amor (el) bandolero.
Amor (el) enamorado.
Amor, Pleyto, y Desafio.
Amor secreto hasta Zelos.
Amor (el) con Vista.

Angelica en el Catay.
* Animal (el) de Hungria.
* Animal (el) Propheta, San Juan.
Ante Christo (el).
* Arauco domado.
Arenal (el) de Sevilla.
Argelan Rey de Alcala.
Argel fingido, y Renegado de Amor.
Asalto (el) de Mastrique.
** Avanillo (el).
* Ausente (el) en el Lugar.
* Ay Verdades que en Amor.
** Azero (el) de Madrid †.

Bandos (los) de Sena.
Bargas (los) de Castilla.
Balahan y Josaphat.
* Bastardo (el) Mudarra.
Batalla (la) de Dos.
Batalla (la) del Honor.
Batalla (la) Naval.
Batuecas (las) del Duque de Alba.
* Bautismo (el) del Rey de Marruecos.
* Bella (la) malmaridada.
Bella (la) Aurora.

† From this play the idea of the *Médecin malgré lui* was probably taken.

Benavides (los).
* Bernardo del Carpio en Francia.
* Bizarrias (las) de Belisa†.
Blason (el) de los Chaves.
Boba (la) para los otros, y discreta para si.
Bobo (el) del Colegio.
Boda (la) entre dos Maridos.
Bohemia convertida.
Buena (la) Guarda.
Buen (el) Vecino.
Burlas (las) veras.
Burgalesa (la) de Lerma.

Caballero (el) de Illescas.
* Caballero (el) de Olmedo.
Caballero (el) del Sacramento.
Caballero (el) del Milagro.
Campana (la) de Aragon.
Capitan (el) Belisario, y Exemplo mayor de la Desdicha.
Capuchino (el) Escocés, y Condesa Matilde perseguida.
Carbonera (la).
Cardenal (el) de Belen.
* Carlos (el) perseguido.

† A very popular play, and frequently acted at Madrid.

Carlos Quinto en Francia. 75
Casamiento (el) por Christo.
Castelvies y Monsalves.
* Castigo (el) sin Venganza.
Castigo (el) en el Discreto.
Cautivo (el) Coronado. 80
Cautivos (los) de Argel.
Cerco (el) de Santa Fé.
Cerco (el) de Viena por Carlos Quinto.
Chaves de Villalva.
* Cierto (lo) por lo Dudoso†. 85
Ciudad (la) sin Dios.
Como se vengan los Nobles.
Como se engañan los Ojos.
Commendadores (los) de Cordova.
Competencia (la) en los Nobles. 90
Conde (el) Don Pedro Velez.
Conde (el) Fernan Gonçalez.
Contra Valor no hay Desdicha.
Con su Pan se lo coma.
Corona (la) Merecida. 95
Cortesia (la) de España.
Creacion (la) del Mundo, primer Culpa del Hombre.
Cruz (la) en la Sepultura.
Cuerdo (el) en su Casa.

† Lately revived and acted at Madrid.

Cuerdo (el) loco.

Dama (la) boba.
* Dama (la) melindrosa†.
David perseguido, y Montes de Gilboé.
De Corsario á Corsario.
De un Castigo tres Venganzas.
De (la) Mazagatos.
De quando acá nos Vino.
De lo que ha de ser.
Defensa (la) en la Verdad.
Del Monte sale quien el Monte quema.
Del mal lo menos.
Desconfiado (el).
Desdichada (la) Estéfania.
Desgracias (las) del Rey Don Alonzo.
Despertar á quien duerme.
Desposorio (el) encubierto.
Despreciada (la) querida.
* Desprecio (el) agradecido.
Desprecios (los) en quien ama.
Destruccion (la) de Constantinopla.
Dicha (la) del Forastero y la Portuguesa.
Dichoso (el) Parricida.
Dineros son Calidad.
Dios hace Reyes.

† Lately revived and altered.

Dios hace Justicia á todos.
Discreta (la) enamorada.
Discreta (la) Venganza.
Divino (el) Africano.
Di Mentira, sacarás Verdad.
Domine (el) Lucas.
Donayres (los) de Matico.
Donayres (los) de Pedro Corchuelo, y el qué dirán.
Doncella, Viuda, y Casada.
Doncella (la) Theodora.
Doncellas (las) de Simancas.
Don Juan de Castro. 1, 2, & 3 Pts.
Don Lope de Cardona.
Don Gonçalo de Cordova.
Don Manuel de Sousa.
Doña Iñes de Castro.
Dos Agravios sin Ofensa.
Dos (las) Bandoleras.
Dos (las) Estrellas trocadas.
Dos (los) Soldados de Christo.
Duque (el) de Viseo.

Elló dira.
Embustes (los) de Celauro.
Embustes (los) de Fabio.
Embaxador (el) fingido.
Enemiga (la) favorable.

Enemigo (el) engañado.
Enemigos (los) en Casa.
Engañar á quien engaña.
Engaño (el) en la Verdad.
Enmendar un Daño á otro.
Envidia (la) de la Nobleza.
En los Indicios la Culpa.
En la mayor Lealtad mayor Agravio, y Fortuna del Cielo.
* Esclava (la) de su Galan.
Esclavo (el) de Roma.
Esclavo (el) fingido.
Esclavos (los) libres.
* Escolastica (la) zelosa.
* Estrella de Sevilla.
Examen de Maridos.
Exemplo de Casadas y Prueba de Paciencia.
Exemplo mayor de la Desdicha y Capitan Belisario.

Fabula (la) de Perseo.
Famosa (la) Montañesa.
Famosas (las) Asturianas.
* Favor (el) agradecido.
Fé (la) rompida.
Felisarda (la).
Ferias (las) de Madrid.
Fernan Mendez Pinto.
Fianza (la) satisfecha.

Firmeza (la) en la Desdicha.
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Fuente (la) Ovejuna.
* Fuerza (la) lastimosa.
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Galan (el) de la Membrilla.
* Galan (el) Castrucho.
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Gran (el) Cardinal de Hespaña Don Gil Albornoz. 1 and 2 Pts.
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* Guante (el) de Doña Blanca.
Guanches (los) de Tenerife.
Guarda (la) cuidadosa.
Guardar y Guardarse.
Guerras de Amor y Honor. 200

Halcon (el) de Federico.
Hazañas (las) del Cid y su Muerte.
* Heclíos (los) de Bernardo del Carpio.

* Hermosa (la) Fea †.
Hermosa (la) Alfreda.
Hermosa (la) Ester.
Hermosura (la) de Raquel. 1 & 2 Pts.
Hespañoles (los) en Flandes.
Hidalgo (el) de Avencerrage.
Hidalgos (los) de la Aldéa.
Hijo (el) de los Leones.
Hijo (el) de Reduan.
Hijo piadoso y Bohemia convertida.
Hijo (el) sin Padre.
Hijos (los) del Dolor.
Historia (la) de Tobias.
Historia (la) de Maragatos.
Hombre (el) de Bien.
Hombre (el) por su Palabra.
Honra (la) por la Muger.
Honrado (el) con su Sangre.
Honrado (el) Hermano.
Horca (la) para su Dueño.
Humildad (la) Soberbia.

* Illustre (la) Fregona.
Illustre (la) mas Hazaña de Garcilaso de la Vega.
Imperial (la) de Otón.
Industrias contre el Poder.

† Sometimes acted.

Infante (el) Don Fernando de Portugal.
Infanzon (el) de Illescas.
Ingrato (el) arrepentido.
Ingratitud (la) vengada.
Ingrato (el).
Inocente (la) Sangre.
Inocente (la) Laura.
Intencion (la) castigada.

Jardin (el) de Bargas.
Jorge Toledano.
Juan de Dios, y Anton Martin.
Judia (la) de Toledo.
Julian Romero.
Juventud (la) de San Isidro.

Laberinto (el) de Creta.
Labrador (el) del Tormes.
Labrador (el) venturoso.
Lagrimas (las) de David.
Lanza por Lanza de Luis de Almansa.
Laura perseguida.
Lealtad, Amor, y Amistad.
Lealtad (la) en la Traycion.
Leal (el) Criado.
Leon (el) Apostolico.
Ley (la) executada.
Leño (el) de Meleagro.
Libertad (la) de Castilla.

Libertad (la) de San Isidro.
Limpieza (la) no manchada.
Lindona (la) de Galicia.
Llegar en Ocasion.
Lo Fingido Verdadero.
Lo que está determinado.
Lo que es un Coche en Madrid.
Lo que puede un Agravio.
Lo que hay de fiar del Mundo.
Loco (el) cuerdo.
Loco (el) santo.
Loco (el) por Fuerza.
Locos (los) por el Cielo.
Locos (los) de Valencia.
Locura (la) por la Honra.
Lucinda perseguida.

Madre (la) de la Mejor.
Maestro (el) de Danzar.
Mal (la) Casada.
Maldito (el) de su Padre.
Marido (el) mas firme.
Marmol (el) Felisardo.
Marques (el) de Mantua.
Marques (el) de las Navas †.

† The original of this play, in Lope's own hand, with his alterations, is in my possession. I have compared it

Marques (el) del Valle.
Martires (los) de Madrid.
Mas valeis vos, Antona, que la Corte toda.
Mas vale salto de mata, que ruego de buenos.
Mas pueden Zelos que Amor.
Mas mal hay en la Aldeguela.
Mas (el) galan Portugues, Duque de Berganza.
Mayor (la) Corona.
Mayor (la) Victoria de Alemania.
Mayor (la) Victoria.
* Mayor (la) Virtud de un Rey.
Mayor (la) Desgracia de Carlos Quinto.
Mayor (la) Dicha en el Monte.
Mayor (la) Hazaña de Alexandro Magno.
Mayor (el) de los Reyes.
* Mayor (el) impossible.
Mayor (el) Prodigio.
* Mayorazgo (el) dudoso.
* Mayordomo (el) de la Duqueza de Amalfi.
Medico (el) de su Honra.
Mejor (el) Alcalde el Rey.
Mejor (la) enamorada la Magdalena.
Mejor (el) Maestro el Tiempo.
Mejor (el) Mozo de Hespaña.
* Melindres (los) de Belisa †.

with the printed copy, and find many of the passages disfigured by the carelessness of the editor.

† Frequently acted.

Mentiroso (el).
Merced (la) en el Castigo.
Merito (el) en la Templanza.
Milagros (los) del Desprecio.
Milagro (el) por los Zelos.
Mirad á quien alabais.
Mocedades de Roldan.
* Mocedades de Bernardo del Carpio.
* Molino (el).
Montañesa (la) Famosa.
* Moza (la) de Cantaro†.
Mudanzas de la Fortuna, y Sucesos de Don Beltrán.
Muertos (los) Vivos.
Mugeres sin Hombres.

Nacimiento (el) de Christo.
Nacimiento (el) de Urson y Valentin.
Nacimiento (el) del Alba.
Nadie fie en lo que vé, porque se engañan los Ojos.
Nadie se conoce.
Nardo Antonio Bandolero.
Naufragio (el) prodigioso.
* Necedad (la) del Discreto.
Negro (el) de mejor Amo.
* Niña (la) de Plata, y Burla Vengada.

† Lately revived, and frequently acted.

Niñez (la) de San Isidro.
Niñezes (las) del Padre Roxas.
Niño (el) Inocente de la Guardia.
Niño (el) Pastor.
Niño (el) Diablo.
No hay vida como la Honra.
Nobles (los) como han de ser.
Noche (la) de San Juan.
Noche (la) Toledana.
Nuestra Señora de la Candeleria.
Nueva (la) Victoria del Marques de Santa Cruz.
Nuevo Mundo descubierto por Colon.
Nunca mucho cuesta poco.

Obediencia (la) Laureada.
Obras son Amores.
Ocasion (la) perdida.
Octava (la) Maravilla.

Padrino (el) desposado.
Palacio (el) confuso.
Palacios (los) de Galeana.
Paloma (la) de Toledo.
Paraiso (el) de Laura.
Pasar (el) del Arroyo.
Pastelero (el) de Madrigal.
Pastor (el) Fido.
Pastoral (la) de Jacinto.

Pazes (las) de los Reyes.
Pedro Carbonero.
* Peligros (los) de la Ausencia.
Peña (la) de Francia.
Peribañez y Commendador de Ocaña.
Perro (el) del Hortelano.
* Piadoso (el) Aragones.
Piadoso (el) Veneciano.
Piedad (la) executada.
Pleyto (el) por la Honra.
Pleytos (los) de Inglaterra.
Pobreza (la) estimada.
Pobreza (la) no es Vileza.
Pobrezas (las) de Reynaldos.
Poder (el) Veneido.
Ponces (los) de Barcelona.
Por la puente Juana†.
Porceles (los) de Murcia.
Postrer (el) Godo de Hespaña.
Prados (los) de Leon.
Premio (el) de la Hermosura.
Premio (el) de las Letras.
Premio (el) de bien hablar.
Premio (el) en la misma Pena.
Primer (el) Rey de Castilla.
Primer (el) Carlos de Hungria.

† Lately revived, and frequently acted.

Primera (la) Culpa del Hombre, ú Creacion del Mundo.
Primera (la) Informacion.
Primero (el) Faxardo.
Principe (el) Don Carlos.
Principe (el) despeñado. 385
Principe (el) perfecto. 1 & 2 Pts.
Principe (el) ignorante.
Principe (el) Escanderberg.
Prision (la) sin Culpa.
Prodigio (el) de Etiopia. 390
Profetisa (la) Casandra.
Prospera Fortuna del Caballero del Espiritu Santo.
Prospera Fortuna de Ruy Lopez Davaloz.
Prudencia (la) en el Castigo.
Puente (la) de Mantible. 395

Quando Lope quiere, quiere.
Querer la propria Desdicha.
Querer mas, y sufrir menos.
Quien mas, no puede.
Quien bien ama tarde olvida. 400
Quien todo lo quiere.
* Quinta (la) de Florencia.

Ramilletes (los) de Madrid.
Ramirez de Arellano.

Remedio (el) en la Desdicha.
Resistencia Honrada.
* Rey (el) Don Sebastian.
Rey (el) Bamba.
Rey (el) sin Reyno.
Reyna (la) Juana de Napoles.
Reyna (la) Doña Maria.
Rico (el) y pobre Trocados.
Robo (el) de Dina.
* Roma abrasada.
Rueda (la) de la Fortuna.
Rustico (el) del Cielo.
Ruyseñor (el) de Sevilla.

Saber (el) puede dañar.
Saber (el) por no saber.
San Diego de Alcala.
San Isidro de Madrid.
San Ildefonso.
San Nicolas de Tolentino.
San Pedro Nolasco.
San Pablo.
Santa Brigida.
Santa Casilda.
Santa Polonia.
Santa Teodora.
Santa Teresa de Jesus, su Vida y Muerte.

Santa (la) Liga.
Santiago el Verde.
Santo (el) Negro Rosambuc.
Secreto (el) de si mismo.
Selva (la) confusa.
Selvas y Bosques de Amor.
Siembra en buena Tierra.
Serafin el humano.
Servir con mala Estrella.
Servir á Señor discreto.
* Servir á Buenos †.
Serrana (la) de la Vera.
Serrana (la) de Tormes.
* Siete (los) Infantes de Lara ‡.
Sierras (las) de Guadalupe.
Sin Secreto no hay Amor.
Si no Vieran las Mugeres.
Sitio (el) de Viena.
Sol (el) Parado.
Soldado (el) Amante.
Sortija (la) del Olvido.
Sucesos (los) de Don Beltran.
Suerte (la) de los Reyes, ó los Carboneros.
Sueños hay que Verdades son.
Sufrimiento (el) de Honor.

† Frequently acted.

‡ Frequently acted, though a very extravagant composition.

Tambien Engaña la Vista.
Tanto hagas quanto pagues.
Tellos (los) de Menezes, in Valor, Fortuna y Lealdad. 1 & 2 Pts.
Templo (el) Salomon.
* Testimonio (el) vengado. 460
Testigo (el) contra si.
Tirano (el) castigado.
Toledano (el) vengado.
Torneos (los) de Aragon.
Trabajos (los) de Jacob. 465
Trabajos (los) de Job.
Trato (el) muda Costumbres.
* Traycion (la) bien acertada.
* Tres (los) Diamantes.
Triunfo (el) de la Humildad. 470

Valiente (el) Cespedes.
Valiente (el) Juan de Heredia.
Valor (el) de Fernandico.
Valor (el) de las Mugeres.
Vaqueros de Morana. 475
Varona (la) Castellana.
Vellocino (el) de Oro.
Venganza (la) honrosa.
Venganza (la) venturosa.
Vencadora (la) de las Mugeres. 480
Ventura (la) sin buscarla.

Ventura (la) en la Desgracia.
Ventura (la) de la Fe.
Ver y no creer.
Verdad (la) sospechosa†.
Verdadero (el) Amante.
Victoria (la) del Marques de Santa Cruz.
Victoria (la) de la Honra.
Villana (la) de Getafe.
Villano (el) en su Rincon.
Virtud, Pobreza, y Mujer.
Viuda, Casada, y Doncella.
Viuda la Valenciana.

Ultimo el Godo.

Yerros por Amor.

Zelos con Zelos se Curan.
Zeloso (el) Estremeño.

† There does not appear any proof of this play being the composition of Lope, nor of its being extant.

AUTOS SACRAMENTALES ALEGORICOS,

Y

AL NACIMIENTO DE NUESTRO SEÑOR.

Adultera (la) perdonada.
Ave Maria y Rosario de Nuestra Señora.
Aventuras (las) del Hombre.

Carcel (la) de Amor.
Concepcion (la) de Nuestra Señora.
Corsario (el) del Alma, y las Galeras.

Hazañas (las) del segundo David.
Hijo (el) de la Iglesia.

Margarita (la) preciosa.

Natividad (la) de Nuestro Señor.
Nuevo el) Oriente del Sol y mas dichoso Portal.

Oveja (la) perdida.

Pastor (el ing rato.

Prisiones (las) de Adan.
Privanza (la) del Hombre.
Puente (la) del Mundo.

Santa (la) Inquisicion.

Triunfo (el) de la Iglesia. 515
Toyson (el) del Cielo.

APPENDIX.

No. 2.

INFORME

DADO A' LA

REAL ACADEMIA DE HISTORIA,

SOBRE

Juegos, Espectaculos, y Diversiones Publicas.

THIS treatise is the work of Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, late minister of grace and justice in Spain; a man who, after having devoted the labours, and even the amusements, of his useful life to the improvement and happiness of his fellow countrymen, is now* languishing in the dungeons of Palma;

* Written in 1806.

imprisoned without an accusation, and condemned without the form of a trial.

The paper on the games, exhibitions, and public diversions of Spain, was undertaken at the request of the Royal Academy at Madrid, and completed in 1790, during his retirement at Gijon; at a time when the displeasure of a minister did not necessarily imply the ruin, persecution, and imprisonment of its object. It has never been printed, probably owing to the fastidious severity with which this excellent author has generally viewed his own productions. As he is, however, the only person who is dissatisfied with them, copies of the treatise in MS. are not difficult to be obtained in Madrid.

After a rapid historical sketch of the

Roman exhibitions in Spain, and a short account of the diversions introduced by the northern barbarians and their descendants, he describes the state of the Spanish theatre, from its first regular appearance in Ferdinand and Isabella's time, to the commencement of the present reign. He takes a view of the controversies to which it has given rise; and though he condemns such scandalous abuses of theatrical representations as have occasionally prevailed in Spain, he vindicates the use of that rational diversion, from the imputations of the clergy, with his usual eloquence and success. The latter part of the work is devoted to the exposition of plans for the revival of

antient exercises and diversions, and to the suggestion of expedients for refining the character of the drama, exalting the profession of players, and animating the exertions of poets. Here it must be acknowledged that he allows his zeal for letters, and an anxiety to direct them to beneficial purposes, to divert him from conclusions to which his own principles would more naturally conduct him; and he somewhat inconsistently expects from such regulations, more than any interference of governments or academies was ever yet able to produce. His aversion to the bull feasts induces him also to underrate their popularity; and to exaggerate the evil consequences pro-

duced by that barbarous but not unmanly amusement. But even where his reasoning is least conclusive, one is fascinated by the beauties of his style, which always seem to arise from the discussion, and to be as much the result of the sincerity of his conviction, and the benevolence of his views, as of an enlightened education, and a correct taste in composition and language. Such, indeed, is the character of all his writings, though it may possibly excite surprise that a dissertation on games and exhibitions should afford any room for displaying it. Jovellanos has, however, contrived even on such a topic to throw into the compass of a few pages much curious information and sound philosophical reflection, without wan-

dering from the subject, or betraying any disposition to pedantry or affectation.

To justify the above commendations of his work, I subjoin a passage, which may serve also to illustrate a remark in the text, and to shew that the gloomy appearance, so often objected to Spaniards, is to be ascribed to the perverse spirit of their municipal laws, and not to the natural disposition of that high-spirited and warm-hearted people.

" El pueblo que trabaja necesita diversiones, pero no espectaculos; no ha menester que el Gobierno le divierta, pero sí que le dexe divertirse. En los pocos dias, en las breves horas, que puede destinar á su solaz y recreo, él buscará, él inventará sus entretenimientos. Basta que se le dé la libertad y proteccion para disfrutarlos. Un dia de fiesta, claro y sereno, en que pueda libremente pasear, correr, tirar á la barra, jugar á la pelota, al tejuelo, á los bolos, merendar, beber, baylar y triscar por el campo; llenará todos

sus deseos, y le ofrecerá la diversion y el placer mas cumplidos. A tan poca costa se puede divertir á un pueblo, por grande, y numeroso que sea.

" Sin embargo, ¿como es que la mayor parte del pueblo de España no se divierte en manera alguna? Qualquiera, que haya corrido nuestras provincias, habrá hecho muchas veces, esta dolorosa observacion. En los dias mas solemnes, en vez de la alegría, y bullicio que debieran anunciar el contento de sus moradores, reyna en las plazas y casas una perezosa inaccion, un triste silencio, que no se pueden advertir sin admiracion ni lástima. Si algunas personas salen de sus casas, no parece sino que la ociosidad las ha echado de ellas, y las arrastra al exido, á la plaza ó al portico de la yglesia; donde embozados en sus capas al arrimo de alguna esquina, ó sentados, ó vagando acá y allá sin objeto ni proposito determinado, pasan tristemente las horas, y las tardes enteras, sin esparcirse, ni divertirse: y si á estos se añade la aridez é immundicia de los lugares, la pobreza y el desaliño de los vestidos, el ayre triste y silencioso, la pereza y falta de union que se nota en todas partes, ¿quien será que no se sorprenda y entristezca á vista de tanto fenómeno? No es de este lugar descubrir las faltas todas que concurren á producirle; sean las que fuesen, se puede asegurar que emanarán de las leyes, todas. Pero, sin salir de nuestro proposito, no podemos callar que la primera de ellas es la mala policia de nuestros pueblos. El

zelo indiscreto de un gran numero de Jueces se ha persuadido que la mayor perfeccion del gobierno municipal se cifra en la sujecion del pueblo y á que lo sumo del buen orden consiste en que sus moradores se estremezean á la voz de la justicia y nadie se atreve á moverse ni á respirar al oir su nombre. En consequencia, qualquiera bulla, qualquiera gresca ó algazara, recibe el nombre de asonada, ó alboroto; qualquiera disencion, qualquiera pendencia, es objeto de un procedimiento criminal, y trae en pos de si, pezquisas y procesos, prisiones y multas, y todo el sequito de molestias y vexaciones forenses. Baxo tan dura policia, el pueblo se acobarda, y entristece, y sacrificando su gusto á su seguridad, renuncia la diversion pública é inocente, aunque peligrosa, y prefiere la soledad y la inaccion, tristes á la verdad, y dolorosas; pero al mismo tiempo seguras.

" De semejante systema han nacido infinitos reglamentos de policia, no solo contrarios á la libertad de los pueblos, sino tambien á su prosperidad, y no por eso observados con menos rigor y dureza. En unas partes se prohiben las músicas y cencerradas; y en otras las veladas y bayles; en unas se obliga á los vecinos á encerrarse á sus casas, á la queda; y en otras á no salir a la calle sin luz, á no pararse en las esquinas, á no juntarse en corrillos; y á otras semejantes privaciones. El furor de mandar, y alguna vez la codicia de los Jueces, ha extendido á las mas

ruines aldeas, reglamentos, que apenas pudiera exîgir la confusion de una Corte; y el infeliz Gañan que ha sudado sobre los terrones del campo y dormido en la tierra toda la semana, no puede en la noche del Sabado gritar libremente en la plaza de su lugar, ni entonar un romance á la puerta de su novia.

" Aun el pais en que vivo*, aunque señalado entre todos por su laboriosidad, por su natural alegría, y por la inocencia de sus costumbres, no ha podido librarse de la opresion de semejantes reglamentos; y el disgusto con que son recibidos, y de que he sido testigo, alguna vez, me sugiere ahora estas reflexîones. La dispersion de su poblacion no permite por fortuna, la policia municipal inventada para los pueblos arreglados; pero los nuestros se juntan á divertirse en las *Romerias*, y allí es donde los reglamentos de la policia los siguen é importunan. Se ha prohibido en ellos, el uso de los palos que hace aquí, mas necesario que la defensa, la fragosidad del pais; se han vedado las danzas de hombres; se han hecho cesar á media tarde las de mugeres; y finalmente se obliga á disolver ántes de la oracion, las romerias que son la unica diversion de estos laboriosos é inocentes pueblos. ¿Como es posible que esten bien hallados y contentos con tan molesta policía? Se dirá que todo se sufre.—Y es verdad; todo se sufre—pero se sufre de mala gana ¿y

* Las Asturias.

quien no pondera las conseqüencias de tan largo y forzado sufrimiento? El estado de libertad es una situacion de paz y de alegría; el de sujecion lo es de inquietud y disgusto; por consiguiente, el primero es durable, el segundo expuesto á mudanzas.

"No basta que los pueblos esten quietos, es preciso que esten contentos; y solo en corazones insensibles, y en cabezas vacias de todo principio de politica puede abrigarse la idea de aspirar á lo primero sin lo segundo. Los que miran con indiferencia este punto: ó no penetran la relacion que hay entre la libertad y la prosperidad de los pueblos; ó por lo menos la desprecian: y tan malo es uno como otro. Sin embargo esta relacion es bien digna de la atencion de una administracion justa y suave. Un pueblo libre y alegre, será precisamente activo y laborioso: y siendolo será bien morigerado y obediente á la justicia. Quanto mas goze, tanto mas amará el gobierno en que vive; tanto mejor le obedecerá; tanto mas de buen grado concurrirá á sustentarle y defenderle. Quanto mas goze, tanto mas tendrá que perder; tanto mas temerá el desorden, y tanto mas respetará la autoridad destinada á reprimirle. Este pueblo tendrá mas ansia de enriquecerse, porque sabrá que aumentará su placer al paso que su fortuna. En una palabra, aspirará con mas ardor á su felicidad, porque estará mas seguro de gozarla. Siendo pues este el primer objet de todo buen gobierno, ¿como es que se ha descuidado tanto, entre

nosotros? Hasta lo que se llama prosperidad publica, si acaso es otra que el resultado de la felicidad de los particulares, pende tambien de este objeto; porque, el poder y la fuerza de un estado no consiste solo en la muchedumbre, ni en la riqueza, sino tambien en el caracter moral de sus habitantes. En efeto ¿que fuerza podrá tener una nacion compuesta de hombres debiles y corrompidos, duros, insensibles, y agenos de todo interes y amor publico? Por el contrario, los individuos de un pueblo frequentemente congregados á solazarse y divertirse libremente, formarán siempre un pueblo unido y afectuoso, conocerán un interes comun, y estarán mas distantes de sacrificarle á su interes particular; serán de animo mas elevado porque serán mas libres, y por lo mismo, serán tambien de corazon mas recto y esforzado. Cada uno estimará su clase, porque se estimará á sí mismo; y estimará las demas, porque querrá que la suya sea estimada. De este modo, respetando la Gerarquia, y el orden establecido por la constitucion, vivirán segun ella; la amarán, y la defenderán vigorosamente, creyendo que se defienden á sí mismos. Tan cierto es, que la libertad y la alegría de los pueblos están mas distantes del desorden, que la tristeza y la sujecion.

"No se crea por esto, que yo mire como inútil ù opresiva la magistratura encargada de velar sobre el sosiego público; creo por el contrario, que sin ella, sin

su continua vigilancia, será imposible conservar la tranquilidad y el buen orden; sé muy bien que la licencia suele andar muy cerca de la libertad, y que es necesario un freno que detenga á los que quierán traspasar sus límites. Pero, he aquí el punto mas dificil de la jurisprudencia civil, he aquí donde pecan tantos Jueces indiscretos que confunden la vigilancia con la opresion. No hay fiestas, no hay concurrencias, no hay diversion en que no presenten al pueblo los instrumentos del poder y de la Justicia. A juzgar por las apariencias, pudiera decirse que tratan solo de establecer su autoridad sobre el terror de los subditos; ó de asegurar el propio descanso á expensas de su libertad y su gusto. Es en vano. El pueblo no se divertirá mientras no esté en plena libertad de divertirse; porque entre rondas y patrullas, entre corchetes y soldados, entre varas y bayonetas, la libertad se amedrenta, y la timida é inocente alegría huye y desaparece. No es este el camino de alcanzar el fin para que fué instituido el magistrado público. Si es lícito, comparar lo humilde con lo excelso, su vigilancia debia parecerse á la del ser supremo, ser cierta y continua, pero invisible; ser conocida de todos, sin ser presente á ninguno; andar cerca del desorden para reprimirle, y de la libertad para protegerla. En una palabra ser freno de los malos; amparo y escudo de los buenos. De otro modo, el respetable aparato de la Justicia se convertirá en instrumento de opresion y tiranía, y

obrando contra su mismo instituto, afligirá y turbará á los mismos que debiera consolar y proteger.

" Tales son nuestras ideas, acerca de las diversiones populares. No hay provincia, no hay distrito, no hay villa, ni lugar que no tenga ciertos entretenimientos, ya habituales, ya periodicos, establecidos por costumbre, exercicios de fuerza, de agilidad ó de ligereza, bayles ó meriendas, paseos, fiestas, disfraces ó mogigangas. Sean los que fueren estos regocijos ó diversiones, todos serán buenos é inocentes con tal que sean publicos. Al buen Juez toca proteger al pueblo en estos sencillos pasatiempos, disponer y arreglar los lúgares destinados para ellos, alejar de èl quanto pueda turbarle, y dexarle libremente entregarse al esparcimiento y alegría. Si alguna vez se presenta á verle, sea mas bien para animarle que para amedrentrarle ó darle sujecion. Sea como un padre que se complace en la alegría de sus hijos no como un tirano embidioso del contento de sus esclavos.

" En conclusion, el pueblo como diximos al principio, el pueblo que trabaja no necesita que el gobierno le divierta, pero sí que le dexe divertirse."

" The labouring class of society require diversions, but not exhibitions; the government is not called upon to divert them, but to permit them to divert themselves. For the few days, the short moments

which they can devote to recreation and entertainment, they will naturally seek, and easily find amusements for themselves. Let them merely be unmolested, and protected in the enjoyment of them. A bright sky and fine weather on a holiday, which leaves them at liberty to walk, run, throw the bar, to play at ball, coits, or skittles, or to junket, drink, dance and caper on the grass, will fill all their desires, and yield them complete gratification and contentment. At so cheap a rate may a whole people, however numerous, be delighted and amused.

"How happens it then, that the majority of the people of Spain have no diversion at all? For every one who has travelled through our provinces must have made this melancholy remark. Even on the greatest festivals, instead of that boisterous merriment and noise, which should bespeak the joy of the inhabitants, there reigns throughout the market-places and streets a slothful inactivity, a gloomy stillness, which cannot be remarked without the mingled emotions of surprise and pity. The few persons who leave their houses, seem to be driven from them by listlessness, and dragged as far as the threshold, the market, or the church-door. There, muffled in their cloaks, leaning against some corner, seated on some bench, or lounging backwards and forwards, without object, aim, or purpose, they pass their hours, ay, I may say their whole evenings, without mirth, recrea-

tion, or amusement. When you add to this picture, the dreariness and filth of the villages, the poor and slovenly dress of the inhabitants, the gloominess and silence of their air, the laziness, the want of concert and union so striking every where, who but would be astonished; who but would be afflicted by so mournful a phænomenon? This is not indeed the place to expose the errors which conspire to produce it; but whatever those errors may be, one point is clear —that they are all to be found in the laws. Without wandering from my subject, I may be permitted to observe, that the chief mistake lies in the faulty police of our villages. Many magistrates are misled, by an ill-judged zeal, to suppose that the perfection of municipal government consists in the subjection of the people; they imagine that the great object of subordination is accomplished, if the inhabitants tremble at the voice of Justice, and no one ventures to move, or even to breathe, at the very sound of her name. Hence any mob, any noise or disturbance, is termed a riot or a tumult; and every little dispute or scuffle becomes the subject of a criminal proceeding, involving in its consequences examinations and arrests, imprisonments and fines, with all the train of legal persecutions and vexations. Under such an oppressive police, the people grow dispirited and disheartened, and sacrificing their inclinations to their security, they abjure diversions, which, though pub-

lic and innocent, are replete with embarrassments, and have recourse to solitude and inaction, dull and painful indeed to their feelings, but at least unmolested by law, and unattended with danger.

"The same system has occasioned numberless regulations of police, not only injurious to the liberties, but prejudicial to the welfare and prosperity of the villages, yet not less harshly or less rigorously enforced on that account. There are some places where music and ringing of bells*, others where balls and marriage suppers are prohibited. In one village the inhabitants must retire to their houses at the *curfew*, in another they must not appear in the streets without a light; they must not loiter about the corners, or stop in the porches; and in all they are subject to similar restraints and privations.

"The rage for governing, in some cases perhaps the avarice of the magistrates, has extended to the most miserable hamlets, regulations which would hardly be necessary in all the confusion of a metropolis; and the wretched husbandman who has watered the earth with the sweat of his brow, and slept on the ground throughout the week, cannot on Sa-

* There is a custom in Spanish villages of parading the streets on holiday nights with the bells taken from the mules and wethers. The rude kind of music they produce is called *cencerrada*.

turday night bawl at his will in the streets of his village, or chaunt his ballad at the door of his sweetheart.

"Even the province in which I live (Asturias), remarkable for the natural cheerfulness and innocent manners of its inhabitants, is not exempt from the hardship of similar regulations. Indeed the discontent which they produce, and which I have frequently witnessed, has suggested many of these reflections on the subject. The dispersion of its population fortunately prevents that municipal police, which has been contrived for regular villages and towns; but the cottagers assemble for their diversions at a sort of wake, called *Romerias*, or Pilgrimages. And there it is that the regulations of the police pursue and molest them. Sticks, which are used more on account of the inequality of the country than as a precaution for self-defence, are prohibited in these wakes. Men dances are forbidden; those of women must close early in the evening; and the wakes themselves, the sole diversion of these innocent and laborious villagers, must break up at the hour of evening prayer. How can they reconcile themselves with any cheerfulness to such vexatious interference? It may indeed be said "*they bear it all.*" Yes, it is true, they do bear it all; but they bear it with an ill will; and who is blind to the consequences of long and reluctant submission? The state of freedom is a

state of peace and cheerfulness; a state of subjection is a state of uneasiness and discontent. The former then is permanent and durable, the latter unstable and changeable.

"All, therefore, is not accomplished when the people are quiet; they should also be contented; and it is only a heart devoid of feeling, or a head unacquainted with the principles of government, that can harbour a notion of securing the first of these objects without obtaining the second. They who disregard it, either do not see the necessary connexion between liberty and prosperity; or, if they see it, they neglect it. The error in either case is equally mischievous. For surely this connexion deserves the attention of every just and mild government. A free and cheerful people are always active and laborious; and an active and laborious people are always attentive to morals, and observant of the laws. The greater their enjoyments, the more they love the government under which they live, the better they obey it, and the more cheerfully and willingly do they contribute to its maintenance and support. The greater their enjoyments, the more they have to lose; and the more therefore they fear any disturbance, and the more they respect the authorities intended to repress it. Such a people feel more anxiety to enrich themselves, because they must be conscious that the increase of their pleasures will keep pace with the

improvement of their fortunes. In a word, they strive more ardently to better their condition, because they are certain of enjoying the fruits of their exertion. If such then be one of the chief objects of a good government, why is it so disregarded among us? Even public prosperity, as it is called, if it be any thing but the aggregate of individual happiness, depends upon the attainment of the object in question; for the power and strength of a state do not consist entirely in multitudes or riches, but in the moral character of its inhabitants. In point of fact, can any nation be strong whose subjects are weak, corrupt, harsh, unfeeling, and strangers to all sentiments of public spirit and patriotism? On the other hand, a people who meet often and in security, in public, for the purposes of diversion, must necessarily become an united and affectionate people; they can feel what a common interest is, and are consequently less likely to sacrifice it to their own personal views and individual advantage. They have a higher spirit, because they are freer; a consciousness of which improves their notions of rectitude, and exalts their sentiments of honour and courage. Every individual respects his own class in such a society, because he respects himself; and he respects that of others, as the best mode of ensuring respect for his own. If once the people respect the government, and the subordination established by law,

they regulate their conduct by it, they grow attached to the institutions of their country, and defend them with spirit; because, in so doing, they are convinced that they are defending themselves. So clear is it that freedom and cheerfulness are greater enemies of disorder than subjection and melancholy.

" Let me not, however, be suspected of considering a magistracy or police, appointed to preserve the public peace, as in itself either useless or oppressive. On the contrary, it is my firm persuasion, that without such an institution, without its unremitting vigilance, neither tranquillity nor subordination can be preserved. I am well aware that licence hovers on the very confines of liberty, and that some restraint must be devised to keep in those who would pass the limits. This is indeed the most delicate point in civil jurisprudence; and it is this that so many injudicious magistrates mistake, by confounding vigilance with oppression. Hence, at every festival, at every public diversion, or harmless amusement, they obtrude upon the people the insignia of magistracy and power. To judge by appearances, one should suppose that their aim was to build their authority on the fears of the subject, and to purchase their own convenience at the expense of the freedom and pleasure of the public. In every other view, such precautions are idle. For the people never divert themselves without complete exemption from restraint in

their diversions. Freedom is scared away by watchmen and patroles, constables and soldiers; and at the sight of staves and bayonets harmless and timorous mirth takes the alarm, and disappears. This is surely not the method of accomplishing the purposes for which magistracy was established; whose vigilance, if I may be permitted so awful a comparison, should resemble that of the Supreme Being, should be perpetual and certain, but invisible; should be acknowledged by every body, but seen by nobody; should watch licentiousness, in order to repress it, and liberty, in order to protect it. In one word, it should operate as a restraint on the bad, as a shield and protection to the good. The awful insignia of justice are otherwise the mere symbols of oppression and tyranny; and the police, in direct opposition to the views of its institution, only vexes and molests the persons whom it is bound to shelter, comfort, and protect.

"Such are my ideas upon popular diversions. There is neither province nor district, town nor village, but has particular usages in its amusements, practised either habitually, or at particular periods of the year; various exercises of strength, for instance, or feats of agility; balls too, and junketings, walks, holidays, disguises, maskings, and mummeries. Whatever their diversions may be, if they are public they must be innocent. It is the duty then of the good magistrate to protect the people in these simple pas-

times, to lay out and keep in order the places destined for them, to remove all obstacles, and to leave the inhabitants at full liberty to abandon themselves to their boisterous merriment, their rude but harmless effusions of joy. If he appear sometimes among them, it should be to encourage, not to intimidate them; it should be like a father, gratified at the mirth of his children; not like a tyrant, envious of the gaiety of his slaves.

"In short, to return to our former remark, 'the people do not call upon the government to divert them, but merely to permit them to divert themselves."

THE dissertation from which the above extracts are made has been printed in Spain since the death of Jovellanos. I have, however, retained the passage as it stood in the Appendix of 1806, because I had the satisfaction of hearing from the lips of Jovellanos himself, that my imperfect translation of his eloquence,

and the inadequate praise bestowed upon his labours, had afforded him some gratification.

Retirement was his wish, and literature his favorite pursuit; but on his liberation from prison, in 1808, he was once more unavoidably immersed in politics, and again destined to encounter the mortifications and disappointments of a public life.

In alluding to his first misfortunes, I was formerly compelled to advert to the injustice of a court, which had condemned him unheard to exile and imprisonment. It is yet more painful to reflect, that under a government struggling for independence, and meditating the establishment of a popular constitution, neither the virtues

he had recently exerted, nor the character he had uniformly sustained, could protect him from vexatious calumnies and persecutions, which embittered, and perhaps shortened, the remainder of his honourable life. The history of these latter transactions is preserved in an *appeal to his countrymen printed and published at La Coruña a few months before his death. He had written it during his illegal detention at Muros, in Galicia, in 1810. It consists of two parts. The first, though valuable both for information and style, relates entirely to the refutation of such charges as had been brought against the Supreme Junta, of which he had been a member.

* Don Gaspar de Jovellanos a sus compatriotas.

The second is devoted to the vindication of his own conduct and principles during "the last period of his public life," as he emphatically terms the two years which had elapsed since his release from confinement in 1808.

The work is such as might have been expected from such a man in such a situation. The style is equal, or even superior, to any of his former compositions. The principles he maintains, and the feelings he evinces, are of a piece with the uniform tenor of his public conduct. Though indignation at undeserved usage has often heightened the tone of his eloquence, yet he dwells with pious delight on every trait of private friendship and generosity which the course of his narrative

brings to his recollection. Indeed there breathes throughout the whole work a spirit of benevolence to his countrymen and mankind, which even the sense of recent and unmerited injury could not extinguish in his affectionate and well-regulated mind. The book is in fact a history of the two last years of his life. As allusions to his earlier occupations are occasionally interspersed in the narrative, if ever truth can be spoken without danger in Spain, some biographer may find in it materials for doing justice to the character of his countryman.

An abstract of the work would give a very imperfect idea of the merit of the composition. I subjoin a short passage to justify the praises bestowed

on it, and to recommend a perusal of the whole, to such of my readers as are conversant with Spanish literature.

When the Supreme Junta was dissolved at Cadiz in 1810, he determined to retire to the Asturias; but on examining his pecuniary resources, he found his whole fortune reduced to about 100*l.* a sum inadequate to provide for the voyage and journey which he and his companion the Marquis of Campo Sagrado had contemplated. The manner in which he was extricated from so unforeseen an embarassment is thus related.

"Del apuro en que yo me hallaba para emprender mi larga navegacion me sacó uno de aquellos hombres, que no se llaman heroes porque no trastornan imperios, ni ganan batallas, ni acometen atrevidas y ambiciosas aventuras; pero que real-

mente lo son, por el constante exercicio de las virtudes pacíficas de su estado: virtudes nunca mas solidas, ni mas dificiles, que quando ningun estímulo de vanidad las provoca, ninguna esperanza de recompensa, o glória humana las anima, y nacen solo de los purisimos principios de religion, honor, y benevolencia. Don Domingo Garcia de la Fuente, agregado a mi familia desde que fui nombrado en 1797 embajador a Rusia, donde él ya antes estuviera con Don Miguel de Galvez, que me siguio, y sirvio despues en mi breve ministerio, y que volvio conmigo a Gixon, sin ventaja alguna, se hallaba en mi compañia, quando la garra del despotismo me arrastró desde mi casa a la Cartuja de Mallorca. Entonces, resuelto a acompañarme tambien en mi desgracia, no solo me siguio espontaneamente en tan incierto, y largo destierro, sino que me acompañó, y consoló continuamente en la profunda soledad de aquel monasterio. Arrancado de alli, y trasladado al castillo de Bellvér, se encerró y sepultó conmigo entre sus cerrojos: cuidó de mis intereses: me asistió en mis dolencias: toleró con resignacion las suyas, que fueron graves; y sufrio conmigo, y por mí los mas insolentes, y duros tratamientos, siempre con rostro sereno, y con la caridad y fidelidad mas tierna. Hallabase todavia conmigo al disolverse la junta suprema, aunque con la plaza de primer portero de su secretaria general, y con justa

esperanza de conservarla en la de la regencia; pero no bien me vio resuelto a volver a Asturias, quando renunciando toda esperanza determinó seguirme. No pude yo consentir en este nuevo, y generoso sacrificio, ni él ceder sin muchas lagrimas a una separacion que era para entrambos tan dolorosa; pero tampoco consintio que en la estrecha situacion en que me hallaba, buscase yo en otro el auxilio que él podia darme; y desde luego ofreciendome doce mil reales que era acaso toda la fortuna que habia podido juntar en 13 años de buenos servicios, me hizo las mas vivas instancias para que los aceptase. Penetrado de la sinceridad de su oferta cedi a ella, dandole las seguridades que permitian las circunstancias, y que tal vez mi desgracia y la suya habran frustrado. Ni esto bastó: sabiendo, despues, de mi detencion aqui, y el desamparo a que me reducia la ocupacion de Asturias, voló a estar a mi lado, y hoy éste mi honrado acreedor me sirve con la misma constancia y lealtad que si estuviese animado de las mas altas esperanzas. Lectores, no culpeis esta digresion dictada por el agradecimiento, y consagrada a la virtud: y pues que ya no puedo recompensar de otro modo la de este hombre de bien, no lleveis a mal que la haya expuesto, y recomendado a vuestro aprecio, para que en él encuentre un premio tan digno de ella como de vosotros!"

"From this distress I was relieved by one of those men who are not called heroes, because they overturn no empires; gain no battles, and engage in no daring or ambitious adventures, but who really deserve that name for the constant exercise of those peaceable virtues which belong to their condition in life; virtues not less solid nor less arduous for flowing entirely from the pure sources of religion, honor, and benevolence, without the stimulus of vanity, or the hope of either reward or celebrity. D. Domingo Garcia de la Fuente was attached to my family from the year 1797, when I was named ambassador to Russia, where he had been before with Don Miguel de Galvez. He remained in my service during my short administration,* and returned with me to Gijon without deriving any benefit from his place. He was with me when the gripe of despotism reached me,† and dragged me from my home to the Carthusian convent of Majorca. He then resolved to follow me in my misfortunes, and he not only spontaneously accompanied me in that long and uncertain banishment, but soothed and consoled me in the deep solitudes of the monastery. When I was hurried from thence‡ to be transferred to the castle of Bellvér, he voluntarily submitted to the same confinement as myself,

* From November 1797 to August 1798.
† 13th March, 1801. ‡ 5 May, 1802.

and buried himself with me in a dungeon.—There he attended to all my concerns, assisted me in all my sufferings, bore his own, which were not slight, and endured the same harsh and insolent treatment to which I was exposed with a cheerful countenance, a kind and tender fidelity and affection.

"At the dissolution of the Supreme Junta, he was still with me; he was then first Porter to the general's secretary's office, and had fair prospects of retaining that situation under the regency; yet no sooner had he ascertained my intention of returning to the Asturias, than he determined on following me thither. I could not agree to this new and generous sacrifice, neither could he submit to so painful a separation without tears of regret. He could not bear, that in my embarrassed circumstances, I should have recourse to that assistance from others which he could afford me. He offered me 12,000 reals, the whole savings, most probably, of his thirteen years faithful and excellent services. He most earnestly insisted on my acceptance of them. Touched by the sincerity of his offer, I yielded to his importunity, giving him such securities as my circumstances permitted. It is now but too probable that the misfortunes which he shares with me have rendered them of no value whatever. But this was not enough. On learning that I was detained here *,

* Muros, in Galicia.

and that the invasion of the Asturias had reduced me to yet further distress, he flew to my side; and at this moment my honourable creditor is waiting upon me with the same constancy and attachment, as if he were animated with the prospect of the highest remuneration. My readers, you must not censure this digression. It is dictated by gratitude, and consecrated to virtue. I am denied the means of rewarding in any other way this honest and excellent man; and take it not ill then, that I should dwell on his merits, and recommend him to your good opinion, a recompence which he has fairly earned, and which it will not be unbecoming of you to bestow."

Soon after he had completed his appeal, Jovellanos returned to his native place, Gijon; but on the 6th of November, 1811, the French, by a sudden incursion, again took possession of that town, and he was compelled to hurry on board a small vessel in the harbour. He was exposed for eight days to a furious storm in the bay of Biscay, his body worn

outi with age, sickness, and fatigue, and his mind harassed with the most gloomy prospects for himself and his native province. He was at length landed at Puerto de Bega, a small village at six leagues from Ribadeo. But the powers of life were exhausted; he expired within forty-eight hours of his disembarkation, in the 68th year of his age.

His loss was deeply deplored, not only by Spaniards, but by all who took any interest in the literature, character, independence, or liberty of Spain. Yet who will pronounce the period of his death unfortunate? If he did not see the invaders actually expelled, he died at least in the firm persuasion that Spain would be ultimately successful in the struggle, and

in the natural and happy illusion that success must ensure political liberty as well as national independence for the people, whose spirit and perseverance had obtained it. Had his life been prolonged, how bitterly would all such hopes have been disappointed! He would have found that all the sacrifices, and even the triumphs, of Spain, were to be requited with the establishment of a despotism more galling, and more bigotted than that which preceded and occasioned the dreadful contest in which she was then engaged.

APPENDIX.

No. III.

In addition to a variety of metres borrowed from the Italians, the Spaniards have several others peculiar to themselves. Such are the *redondilla mayor* and *menor*, and the trochaic metre commonly used in their ballads. They occasionally employ blank verse, but most of their poetical compositions are in rhyme. Of rhymes they have two sorts; the *consonante*, or full rhyme, which is nearly the same as the Italian; and the *asonante*, introduced in the sixteenth century, which the ear of a foreigner does not immediately dis-

tinguish from a blank termination. An *asonante* is a word which resembles another in the vowel on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus: *Tòs* and *amòr*, *orìlla* and *delìra*, *àlamo* and *pàxaro*, are all *asonantes*. The first, which are accented on the last syllable, are called by * Luzan acute; the second, accented on the penultima and most in use, grave; and the third, accented on the antepenultima, *esdruxulos* or dactyls. Even the resemblance of the vowels, after the accented syllable, is

* Vide ch. 23, l. 2. Pages 364 et sequentia. Luzan's *poetica*; also the 22d and 24th chapters of same book.

sometimes dispensed with, and the best poets take yet greater liberties in their *asonantes*. Though some have attempted to trace this lax mode of rhyming to the Latin hymns of the middle ages, Luzan more judiciously supposes that it originally crept into Spanish verse, through inadvertence and carelessness, and that as a distinct method of rhyming, it is of much more modern invention. The imperfect rhymes were at first only admitted into octosyllable verse, the common metre of the national ballads and romances. They were not even regularly adopted in them till after the publication of the Cancionero General, in the beginning of the 17th century. Some few instances are to be found in that collection, but generally mixed

with the full rhyme or consonante. Bartholomé de Torres Naharro, Juan de la Cueba, and almost all the poets of Philip the 2d's reign, continued to confine themselves to the full rhyme or *consonante* in their romances.— From these facts Luzan infers, that the asonante was at first a licence, or rather a carelessness, but when sanctioned and improved by some celebrated authors, especially Christoval de Castillejo, became a beauty peculiar to Spanish poetry. "Foreigners," says he, "cannot perceive their cadence, and some, like Abate Quadrio, venture to condemn them as harsh and unpleasing. Let them continue in their ignorance; we cannot give them a quicker perception, or a more delicate ear." So flippant an obser-

vation is not very likely to carry conviction. It must, however, be acknowledged that the ear of all classes in Spain is wonderfully alive to the impression of the asonantes. Romances, the national poetry of the country, are always written in *asonantes*. The short epigrammatic songs, which, under the name of boleros, or seguidillas, abound in all parts of Spain, and are justly admired for their spirited and graceful turns, are, with very few exceptions, composed in *asonantes*. The return of that imperfect rhyme is so well measured by the ear of a Spaniard, that the slightest variation or omission never escapes the most ignorant or uneducated peasant in the recital. In the old plays, the octosyllable in *asonantes* is the most frequent metre, but

the authors did not lay themselves under the restriction of preserving the same *asonante* throughout the whole act or scene in which it was introduced. They varied their numbers at pleasure, and when the *asonante* became burthensome, interposed a couplet, a sonnet, a speech in triplets, or in full rhyme, and thus relieved themselves from their embarrassment.

Whatever facility this lax mode of rhyming may afford, it accounts very insufficiently for the fertility of Lope de Vega; as there are few poets of his time who use it so sparingly, and none who more frequently display their ingenuity in other more difficult forms of composition.

Since that period the asonantes are

become more popular, but the public more severe in their judgment of them. All modern comedies written in verse are written in asonantes; but the same vowels are required to recur at every other termination throughout each act, and some severer critics object to its being altered even in the course of the play. Such, however, is the fertility of the Castilian language in rhymes of this nature, that the difficulty is said to consist in avoiding a resemblance of sound in the blank places, rather than in finding it for the others.

The advantages of this species of versification consist in the variety of pauses which it admits. A skilful poet is enabled by this circumstance to vary the rhythm and harmony of his verse in any long discourse; and can

also accommodate his metre to the sudden breaks and interruptions of an animated dialogue. Moratin is considered as the great master of this art, and his plays—especially *El viejo y la niña*, and the *Mogigata*, are said to be perfect models of this species of versification.

APPENDIX.

No. 4.

(See Vol. i. page 229.)

THE reader may be curious to compare the following imitations of the little poem quoted in the text.

Ma foi, c'est fait de moi; car Isabeau
M'a conjuré de lui faire un rondeau.
Cela me met dans une peine extrême:
Quoi! treize vers, huit en *eau*, cinq en *eme*?
Je lui ferois aussitôt un bateau.
En voilà cinq pourtant en un monceau.
Faisons en huit en invoquant Brodeau,
Et puis mettons par quelque stratageme—
Ma foi, c'est fait.
Si je pouvois encor de mon cerveau
Tirer cinq vers, l'ouvrage sera beau.
Mais cependant je suis dedans l'onzième,
Et si je crois que je fais le douzième,
En voilà treize, ajustez au niveau—
Ma foi, c'est fait.

VOITURE.

Doris, qui sait qu' aux vers quelquefois je me plais,
Me demande un sonnet; et je m'en désespère.
Quatorze vers; Grand Dieu! le moyen de les faire!
En voilà cependant quatre déjà de faits.
Je ne pouvois d'abord trouver de rime; mais
En faisant on apprend à se tirer d'affaire.
Poursuivons: les quatrains ne m'étonneront guères,
Si du premier tercet je pus faire les frais.
Je commence au hazard; et, si je ne m'abuse,
Je n'ai pas commencé sans l' aveu de la muse.
Puisqu'en si peu de tems je m'en tire du net,
J' entame le second, et ma joie est extrême;
Car des vers commandés j'acheve le treizième;
Comptez s'ils sont quatorze, et voilà le sonnet.

REGNIER DESMARAIS.

The late Mr. Whitbread found the following verses among some old papers, but could not ascertain the author. His disposition to oblige his friends in little as in great matters, induced him to communicate them to me.

My dearest spouse demands of me a sonnet;
Why, that will cost me twelve long lines or more;
I ne'er was so put to 't;—twelve lines upon it!
I'm glad, however, I have conquer'd four.
But though five lines I have at length surmounted,
To get through all the rest my task is great;
Yet if twice four be but exactly counted,
I think you'll find that I have conquer'd eight.
Thus far with middling luck I have proceeded;
Ten lines clean done! My work is almost ended;
Help, muse!—assistance never was more needed.
'Tis done! Twelve lines are all that I intended.

APPENDIX.

No. 5.

Diego. The plaintive lambkin bleats not for its lost shepherd, the lion roars not for him who has stolen his progeny, as I for Rodrigo.—Ah, my beloved son, I embrace shadows, disconcerted by the darkness of the night, which has closed upon me! Yet I gave him a sign, I designated the spot where he might meet me in case of this event. If he should have been disobedient to me in this instance?—But it cannot be—(what agonies I suffer!) Some accident must have made him change his design, and alter his determination. How cold my blood flows back upon my breast!—If he were killed, wounded or taken!—Oh heaven!—what a variety of misfortunes I apprehend!—But what do I hear? is it he? I do not deserve so much: it must be the echoes of my voice and lamentation that answer to my calamities—yet among those hard pebbles I again hear a horse galloping.—Rodrigo leaps from it—Is there pleasure like this?—My son!

Cid. My father!

Diego. Can I believe that I am in your arms?—Oh my son! I draw breath to spend it in your praise.—Why loitered you so long? my wish made

me think you came like lead; but since you *are* come, I will not weary you with asking how you came.—Nobly have you distinguished yourself—well have you wrought,—well have you imitated my former valor,—well have you repaid me the being which you received from me. Touch these white hairs which you have honoured, and press your kind lips to the cheek from whence you have taken the stain of my dishonour.—My proud soul bends to your valour, the saviour of that nobility which has shed lustre on so many kings of Castile.

Cid. Give me your hand—and raise that head, to which, as its cause, must be attributed what of courage or prowess there may be in me.

Diego. With more reason should I kiss yours—for if I gave you your being in the course of nature, you have returned mine by dint of your courage. But there will be no end if I do not divert this discourse. My son, I have men ready to attend you. Sally forth to the field to exercise your courage, with five hundred knights, all kinsmen of my own, and every one anxious to court your pleasure.—Go—since both the circumstances and reason invite you, hasten to where they wait for you on their horses, the meanest of which vies with the steeds of the sun.—You will have good occasion for their services, for our insolent borderers the Moors have seized the king's territories and subjects. Even yesterday the council of state and war, with heavy

countenances, received intelligence from their vigilant spies. They have wasted the fertile fields of Burgos, and having passed the mountains of Oca, Naxera, Logroño, and Bilforado, with much luck and little shame, hurry away such throngs of prisoners, that * *taste revolts and courage is provoked* to hear it. Go then—intercept their march, undertake the adventure, and rousing to action your valiant heart, go prove your spear as you have proved your sword—So neither king, nor nobles, nor people, shall say that your hand is raised to revenge private injuries only; for no worthier gratification can befall a knight than to serve the king he had before offended.

Cid. Give me your blessing.

Diego. I willingly do so.

Cid. In expectation of the reward of obedience, I kiss your hand, and at your feet expect your blessing.

Diego. Receive it from my † hand and from my soul.

* I have thought it right to adhere literally to the words of the original.

† Spaniards, in giving a blessing, make the sign of a cross with their right hand.

APPENDIX.

No. 6.

BELLIDO *y* EL REY SANCHO.

Bell. ¿Qué mira tu magestad?
Sancho. A cierta necesidad,
Que á los Reyes no perdona,
Me desvio.
Bell. Por aquí
Si gustas, puedes baxar,
Porque en este Valladar
Te cubra esta peña.
Sancho. Si.
Bell. Y porque es seguro el puesto
Y secreto.
Sancho. Dices bien.
Bell. Pues dame la mano.
Sancho. Ten.
Bell. Baxa á espacio: a morir presto (*aparte.*)
Tu suerte el vivir te acorta.
(Entrase el Rey, y Bellido le da la mano, como que le ayuda á baxar escápasele al Rey el venablo de las manos, y Bellido le toma.)

Bellido, after a soliloquy on the awe which majesty inspires (though it must

be acknowledged that the situation described was rather calculated to dispel it) pierces the king with his own hunting spear, and fulfils the prophecy contained in the first part of the Mocedades del Cid.

The prudery of the Spanish stage is not less unaccountable than its indelicacy.

The following extract from Mr. Bourgoing's work on Spain, will shew to what strange shifts the Spaniards have recourse, to avoid the indecorum of giving a kiss in public. Their mode of correcting such impropriety will remind my readers of the contrivance by which, on a principle of humanity, they established the slave trade, to save the native American from servitude and oppression.

Notre petit opéra du Tonnelier, ayant été traduit en Espagnol, le scrupuleux traducteur n'aurait pas osé hazarder le baiser furtif qui en fait le denouement. Mais qu' y a-t-il substitué? dans la scene décisive pendant que le Maitre Tonnelier est occupé dans l'interieur de son cuvier, le compagnon entre a la derobée et s'assied par terre entre les jambes de l'ingenue Fanchette, qui, de ses doigts delicats, nettoye la tête du fortuné rival.—C'est dans la situation de cette touchante familiarité, pendant que les deux amans se donnent ce gage non equivoque de leur tendresse mutuelle, qu'ils sont surpris par le vieux jaloux. *(Tableau de l'Espagne Moderne, par J. Fr. Bourgoing, Vol. 2. p. 317, in note.)*

The fact is not misrepresented; the piece was acted in Spanish at Valencia when I was there in 1803, and the kind offices performed by the mistress for [illegible]er, completely conveyed to [illegible]nd the audience, the exist[illegible]ence and the force of their attachment.

APPENDIX.

No. 7.

1. Las Mocedades del Cid, Primera parte.
2. Las Mocedades del Cid, segunda parte.
3. La Piedad en la justicia.
4. Las Maravillas de Babilonia.
5. Allá van Leyes donde quieren Reyes.
6. El Caballero Bobo
7. El Amor Constante } both printed in 1621.
8. El perfeto Caballero.

(The above eight are in my possession.)

9. Don Quixote de la Mancha, primera parte.
10. Don Quixote de la Mancha, segunda parte.
11. Engañarse Engañando (quoted by Cervilla

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